



UNIVERSITY ENGLISH SELECTIONS

PRE-UNIVERSITY COURSE

FIRST EDITION



UNIVERSITY OF CALCUTTA
1960



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BW 3788

PRINTED IN INDIA

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY SIBSUDRANATH KANJILAL,
SUPERINTENDENT, CALCUTTA UNIVERSITY PRESS,
48, BAZAR ROAD, BALLYGUNGE, CALCUTTA.

2021 B.T.—June, 1960—ZD

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UNIVERSITY ENGLISH SELECTIONS

John Milton

ON HIS BLINDNESS

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more
bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide—
“Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?”
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies: “God doth not need
Either man’s work, or His own gifts: who best 10
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best. His
state
Is kingly: thousands at His bidding speed
And post o’er land and ocean without rest;—
They also serve who only stand and wait.”

Thomas Gray

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o’er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his drowsing flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
 The moping owl does to the moon complain 10
 Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bower,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's
 shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring
 heap,

Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
 The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
 The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built
 shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed. 20

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
 How jocund did they drive their team afield!
 How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy
 stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure; 30
 Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Awaits alike th' inevitable hour:—
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to these the fault
 If Mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
 Where thro' the long-drawn aisle and fretted
 vault
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise. 40

Can storied urn or animated bust
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
 Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
 Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
 Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
 Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll; 50
 Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
 The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

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Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood. 60

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad; nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame, 70
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture
decked, 80
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unlettered
Muse,

The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires; 90
 E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
 E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonoured dead
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
 If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
 ' Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn; 100

' There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

' Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
 Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
 Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

' One morn I missed him on the 'customed hill,
 Along the heath, and near his favourite tree; 110
 Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

' The next with dirges due in sad array
 Slow thro' the church-way path we saw him
borne,
 Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
 Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.'

THE EPITAPH

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
 A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;
 Fair science frowned not on his humble birth
 And melancholy marked him for her own. 120
 Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
 He gave to misery (all he had), a tear,
 He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wished)
a friend.
 No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose.)
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

William Wordsworth

LONDON, 1802

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour:
 England hath need of thee: she is a fen
 Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
 Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
 Have forfeited their ancient English dower 5
 Of inward happiness. We are selfish men:
 Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
 And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

7

The sun was like a Star, and dwelt apart
 The world was full of woe, and none was like to see
 A comfort in the world, he was the best of men
 So first they travel'd on their common way
 I thought I had seen, and yet my heart
 I never felt, as if I had not seen

THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US

1 We have a world that with us late and soon
 2 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
 3 Little we see in Nature that is ours;
 4 We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
 5 This sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
 6 This wind that wails to newing at all hours;
 7 And this great nature that we keep so close,
 8 That gives us for ourselves, we are out of tune!
 9 It moves us not. — Great God! I'd rather be
 10 A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn —
 11 So might I stand, if I were present here,
 12 Half-convinced that would make me sag forlorn!
 13 Half a lot of Proteus ring from the sea,
 14 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn

THE SOLITARY REAPER

Bel-lu-ter single in the field,
 You solitary Highland Lass!
 Reaping and singing by herself
 Stop here, or gently pass!
 Approaching with thy silent form
 And singing a melancholy strain,
 O listen! for the voice profound
 Is overblown with the sound

No nightingale did ever chant
 More welcome notes to weary birds 10
 Of travellers in some shady haunt
 Among Arabian sands:
 A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
 In spring time from the cuckoo-bard
 To wake the slumber of the seas
 Among the furthest Hebrides

Will you tell me what she sings
 Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
 For olden times, far off, long since
 And battles long ago 20
 Or is it some more humble lay
 Familiar matter of to-day?
 Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain
 That has been, and may be again?

Whatever the theme, the maiden sang
 As if her song could have no ending,
 I saw her singing at her work,
 And o'er the sickle bending,
 I listened motionless and still,
 And as I listened all the time,
 The music in my heart I bore,
 Long after it was come no more.

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE

I am not anything to show more fair
 Than would be he of soul who could pass by
 A sight so touching in its majesty:
 This City now doth like a garment wear
 The beauty of the morning, silent, bare,
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
 Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
 Never did I see more beautifully steep
 In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill;
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
 The river glideth at his own sweet will,
 Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
 And all that mighty heart is lying still!

He will not trust set on a stone
 He cannot choose but hear
 And thus spake on that ancient man,
 The bright-eyed Mariner 20

The ship was near the harbour cleared
 Merrily did we drop
 Below the kirk below the hill,
 Below the lighthouse top

The Sun came up upon the left
 Out of the rack came he,
 And I beheld his coming
 Went down into the sea

Higher and higher every day
 Till over the mast at noon
 The Weathercock began to creak
 For he heard the loud bassoon

The mirthful people danced on the deck
 As if it were a dance on shore
 No longer thought they of the tempest
 The merry minstrelay

The Weathercock began to creak
 Yet he cannot choose but hear,
 And thus spake on that ancient man
 The bright-eyed Mariner 40

'And now the Storm-Blast came and he
 Was roaring round the ship
 He struck with his voracious wings
 And chased us south along

With starting pulses, till the frost grew
 As we pressed with veils and snow
 Still trends the shadow of his foe,
 And forward bends his head,
 And deep above fast and strong, and clear,
 And southward eye we fled

50

And over the curved land fast grew snow
 And it grew wondrous cold
 As green as emerald, as blue as sky,
 As green as cineroid

And the eagle, drifting to snowy shore
 Did send a fearful shriek
 Not a shadow of man nor house we saw
 The ice was all between

the bird of prey
 of fearful shriek
 and a very thing
 was to be seen

The ice was here, the ice was there,
 The ice was all around:
 It crackled and growled and roared and
 howled,

60

Like noises in a sward!

At midnight, I came to Albatross
 Through the fog and snow,
 As if I had been a Christian, seen
 We found it in the same

the great white
 of the Albatross
 the strong the
 snow fog and the
 and the great white
 and deep to the

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
 And round and round it flew
 The cold salt with a thunder fit
 "The bear so it stood us through"

70

And a good south wind sprung up behind,
 The Albatross did follow,
 And every day for food or play,
 Came to the mariners' hollo!

And the Albatross
 growth a bird of good
 cheer, and follow
 the ship as it sailed
 northward through fog
 and flaking ice

The furrow followed free,
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

The first bronze cup
+ the silver cup
+ the gold cup
+ the silver cup
+ the gold cup

Down to the bottom of the hole, it
down.

11

Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

' All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Loath'd up his burning throat,
No bigger than the Moon

* Day after day, day after day,
We stand for death nor do we
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean

Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

[illegible]

The very deep I rot O Christ I
That ever this should be!
Yea, filthy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

' About about in feet and fouts
The death-fires danc'd at night,
The water, like a witch's oils,
Hurt green and blue and white

And some a sick and weary tale
Of the Spirit that had been
Not from the land of the living,
From the land of mist and snow

And every living thing that might
Was withered at the root,
We could not see the light
We had been choked with soot

Ah! woe a day! what evil looks
Had I from east and west,
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung

PART III

There passed a weary time! Each day
Was pain, and grief: each night
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye,
When looking westward! I said,
A something in the sky

'At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist,
It moved and moved and took a form,
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape I wist!
And still it neared and neared
As if it dodged a water snake,
It plunged and tacked and veered

A speck it had to be,
A mist it was to be,
A shape it seemed to be,
A form that seemed to be,
A power that seemed to be,
A power that seemed to be,
A power that seemed to be,
A power that seemed to be

14

The Albatross
The Albatross
The Albatross
The Albatross
The Albatross
The Albatross
The Albatross
The Albatross

The Albatross
The Albatross
The Albatross
The Albatross

150

' With throats linked with throats
linked,

We could not laugh nor wail,

Thenceforth we were all dumb, we stood

Like dry men. I turned the blood

160

And cried, a sail! a sail!

With throats linked with throats
linked,

Agape they heard me call.

Gramercy; they for joy did grin.

And all at once their breath drew in.

As they were drinking all

So soon I cried aloud to all

Hither to work us weal;

Without a breeze, without a tide

She steadies with upright keel!

170

' The western wave was all a-flame

The day was well-nigh done!

Almost upon the western wave

Rested the broad bright Sun;

When that strange shape drove swiftly

Betwixt us and the Sun

' And ~~when~~ the Sun was flamed with
bars

It seemed to him, but
the shadow of a ship

Her Mother's red is gone!

As if through a luncheon grate he were

With broad and burning face

180

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)

How fast she nears and nears

As flame her sails that glance at the Sun

Like restless gossameres?

' Are those her ribs through which the Sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that Woman and her crew?
Is that a Death—and are there tw
Is Death that woman's mate?

Are those her ribs through which the Sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that Woman and her crew?
Is that a Death—and are there tw
Is Death that woman's mate?

' Her lips were red, her looks were free, 190
Her locks were yellow as gold
Her skin was as white as leprosy.
The Nightmare Life in Death was she,
Who takes men's blood with cold

The rattle-bark alongside came
And the twain were casting dice
' The game is done—I've won! I've won!"
Quoth she—and whistles thrice

The rattle-bark alongside came
And the twain were casting dice
' The game is done—I've won! I've won!"
Quoth she—and whistles thrice

' The Sun's can dips, the stars rush out
At one stroke canst thou a dark,
With far heard whisper over the sea
Off shot the spectre-bark.

200

The Sun's can dips, the stars rush out
At one stroke canst thou a dark,
With far heard whisper over the sea
Off shot the spectre-bark.

We listened and looked sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed
white.

From the sails the dew did drip
Till round above the eastern bar
The horrid Moon with one bright star 210
Within the nether tip

One after ore, by the star'd and Moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
For he turn'd his face with a deadly pang,
And cursed me with his eye

' Four times fifty living men,
(And I heard even a lesser number)
With heavy hearts, and glassy eyes,
They dropped down one by one

His souls out from their bodies fly
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my cross-bow!

PART IV

' I fear thee, ancient Mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand,
And thou art old, and I look old brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand

I fear thee and thy glowing eye.
As that skinny hand is brown

Fear not, fear not thou Wedding Guest!
This body dropt not down

' Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

' The many men, so beautiful
And tall and hardy of build,
And a thousand thousand of my thrice
Loved ones, and so did I

the star'd and Moon

the lesser number

220

the souls out from their bodies fly

The Wedding-Guest
feareth that a spirit
is talking to him

230

I fear thee and thy glowing eye
As that skinny hand is brown

He despareth to
ever meet his kindred

' I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away,
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

240 And envied that they
show'd here & there
many lie dead

' I look'd to Heaven and try'd to pray,
But never a prayer had gash't,
A wail at my feet, and I said
My heart as dry as dust.

' I saw in this sick light of mine
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea and the sea and
the sky, 250

Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet

The old sweat melt'd from their limbs
Nor rot nor reek did they:
The bark with which they buck'd at me
Had never pass'd away

that the curse breath
for him in the eye of
the dead

A curse's curse would drag to Hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
In this curse on a dead man's eye
Seven days seven nights, I saw that curse
And yet I could not die.

260

' The mazy Moon went up the sky
And howl'd and ulul'd
Softly she was going up
And a star or two beside

For the moon went
up the sky
and howl'd and
ulul'd
softly she was
going up
and a star or
two beside

'And I will ever remember the day
 Yet now I shall never forget
 How on the morning and the Moon
 The dead men gave a groan.

330

They groined they started not all up-se,
 Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
 It had been strange to ever find them
 To have seen those dead men rise

And then I started the ship moved
 on,

Yet never a breeze up-blew;
 For none of us work the ropes
 Where they were wont to do;
 It was as if we were lifeless tools
 We were a ghostly crew.

340

'The body of my brother's son
 Stood by me, knee to knee
 The while I lay at anchor
 But he said nought to me.'

'I fear thee, ancient Mariner!
 'Be calm, thou Wedding Guest!
 'Twixt that time and the next I per-
 ceiv'd that your curse came upon
 But a troop of spirits blest:

'For when it dawn'd—they dropp'd their
 arms, 350

And shiver'd round the mast,
 Sweet songs rose slowly through their
 mouths,
 And from their lips a pass'd

' Arraid a ruid the voice of sweet sound,
Then darted to the sun,
Sawly the sunbeams the lark sang
Now mixed, now one by one

Sometimes a dropping from the sky
I heard the sky-lark sing.
Some-times a little lark that danc'd
360 How they seem'd to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

' And now 'twas like all instruments
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the Hymns more true

' It ceased: yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
370 That to the sleeping woods at night
Singeth a quiet tune.

' Till noon we quietly sail'd on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

' Under the keel nine fathoms deep
From the red of rust and grow,
The Spirit slid: and it was he
That made the ship to go
380 The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also

The poem is set
in the North Sea
and the ship is
sailing on the 1st of
June. The poem
is a description of
the ship's journey
and the spirit's visit.

PART VI

First Voice.

"But tell me, tell me" speak agood 410
 Thy soft response renewing—
 What makes that ship drive on so fast?
 What is the ocean doing?"

Second Voice

"Still as a slave before his lord
 The ocean hath no blast,
 His great bright eye most solemnly
 Up to the Moon is cast—
 If he may know which way to go
 For she guides him smooth or grim,
 See, brother, see! how graciously 420
 She looketh down on him!"

First Voice.

"But why drives on that ship so fast,
 Without or wave or wind?"

Second Voice:

"The air is cut away before,
 And closes from behind.
 Fly, brother, fly! more high! more high!
 Or we shall be belated
 For slow and slow that ship will go,
 When the Mariner's trance is slated."

The Mariner's
 trance is slated
 for a long time
 ceasing to move
 drive forward
 than human life could
 endure

I walked, we were silent,
As in a gentle weather:

430 I walked, we were silent
met on an island
the morning was
gentle weather

For so the Moon was
high;

The dead men stood together.

'All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter:
And they turned me their stony eyes
That in the Moon did glitter.

The first the crew with aghast faces
died,

Had never passed away:

I turned to view my eyes from theirs 440
Nor turn them up to pray

And view to what was still more true
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, all little saw
Of what had also been seen—

There was a feeling
suggested.

I do not think on a handsome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And his voice is turned round when
And turns no more his head,
For he knows a high land 450
Doth close behind him tread

But soon there breathed a wind on me
Nor sound nor motion made:
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade

' I rushed in, that it felt like a bay creek
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
I rushed in, that it felt like a bay creek
Yet it felt like a welcoming

' Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship 460
Yet she sailed softly too;
Sweetly, sweetly flew the breeze
On me alone it blew

' Oh, were it of jess' is this indeed
The light-house top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

And the ancient
Mariner beheldeth his
native country

' We drift'd over the harbour bar
And I with sobs did pray—
Oh let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway 470

' The hither-hay was clear as glass
So smoothly it was strown!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the Moon.

' The rock stood bright, the kirk no less
That stands above the rock:
The moonlight steeped in silverness
The steady weathercock.

' And the bay was white with sheeted boats, 480
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colours came.

The first of the
ships and boats

' A little distance from the prow
 Those crimson shadows were,
 I turned my eyes upon the deck
 Oh, Christ! what saw I there!

And appear'd in the
 own f-rose glit

Each corse lay flat lifeless and flat,
 And, by the holy rood!
 A man all light, a seraph-bond
 On every corse there stood

400

' This seraph-bond each waved his hand
 It was a heavenly sight!
 They stood as signs to the land
 Each one a lovely light;

' This seraph-bond each waved his hand,
 No voice did they impart—
 No voice but oh! the sweetest
 Like music on my heart.

But soon I turn'd the distant face
 I heard the Pilot's cheer—
 My head was turned perforce away,
 And I saw a boat appear

401

' The Pilot and the Pilot's boy,
 I heard them coming fast
 Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy
 The dead men could not blast

' I saw a third—I heard his voice
 It is the Hermit good!
 He singeth loud his godly hymns
 That he makes in the wood
 He'll shrive my soul he'll wash away
 The Albatross's blood

510

PART VII

' 'Tis Hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How lonely his sweet voice he rears?
He loves to talk with mariners
That come from a far countree,

The Hermit of the
Wood,

He kneels at noon and noon and eve—
He hath a vision point—
It is the moss that whorly hides
The rotted old oak-stump

520

The skiff boat moored I heard them talk,
"Why, this is strange, I trow!
Where are those lights so many and fair
That signal made but now?"

"Strange 'twas fath," the Hermit said—
And they answered not our cheer!
The planks look warped! and see those
sails,

Approacheth the ship
with wonder.

"How thin they are and sere!"
I never saw aught alike to them
Unless perchance it were

530

"Brown skeletons of leaves that lig
My forest-brook along,
When the ivy bud is heavy with snow
And the owl whoops to the wolf below
That eats the she-wolf's young."

"Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look—"
(The Pilot made reply)
"I am afeard"—"Push on! push on!"
Said the Hermit cheerily

540



* And now at my own choice, 570
I stood on the firm land!
The Hermit stepped forth from the gate,
And scarcely he could stand

* "O shrieve me, shrieve me, truly I say!"
The Hermit crossed his brow,
"Say, pack thy tale, I pray thee say,
What manner of man art thou?"

For with this frame of mine was
wrenched
With a woful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free.

Since then, at my own choice and hour
That agony returns,
And till my ghastly tale be told
This heart within me burns

I pass the night from land to land,
I have no power of speech
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me
To him my tale I teach 580

What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding guests are there,
But in the garb and lower the bride
And bride-maids singing are:
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer!

'O Wedding Guest' this syn hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea.

So lonely twas, that God himself
Scarce seem'd there to be

600

'Tis sweeter than the marriage feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
'To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!—

'To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay'

'How well I tarwel' but this I tell
To thee, 'O Wedding Guest'
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast

610

And to each by his
own duty he is bound
That to the living and
that to the dead and
lovely

'He loveth best who loveth best
All things both great and small
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.'

The Minister whose eye is bright
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone, and now the Wedding Guest
Turn'd from the bridegroom's door

620

He wakened one that hath been stunn'd,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn

P. B. Shelley

THE CLOUD

I bring fresh showers from the highest peaks,
 In the seas and the streams;

I bear the light and darkness, I
 In their noonday dreams

From my wings I dust the ever-dying
 The sweet buds every one,

Whether I turn me to the sun or stare,
 As she dances about the sun

I hold the dead of lightning hail

And I am the great sun-god's love

19

And I am the great sun-god's love

And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I, for the love of the world, I come

And the good and the evil I find

And all the night long, I pass by them

While I sleep in the arms of the dead

And I am the great sun-god's love

Lightning my pilot sits;

If a green under is forgot the thunder,

It strikes and howls at its

20

Over earth and ocean, with a gentle motion,

This pilot is guiding me,

I meet with the best of the good that move

In the depths of the purple sea

Over the mountains and the crags, and the hills

Over the lakes and the plains

Wherever he dreams, under mountain or stream

The Spirit he loves remains

And I all the while live in heaven's blue smile

Whilst he is dissolving in rains

30

34 UNIVERSITY ENGLISH SELECTIONS

It is the same star that was his mother's eye
 And his young father's lamp;
 It is the look of my smiling rock
 When the invisible star shines down
 As in the light of a mountain crag
 When an earthquake rocks and swings
 At the old one moment may set
 In the light of his golden wings
 And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea
 Beneath

Its ardours of rest and of love 40
 And a prisoner's hand of eye may find
 From the depth of heaven above
 With wings folded I rest as the dove
 As still as a brooding dove

That old woman with white hair
 Whom mortals call the moon,
 O! is glimmering over my threshold floor
 By the midnight breezes strewn;
 And wherever the silent moon rises
 Where only the angels hear, 50
 May have broken the wood of my chamber door,
 The stars peep by and look in through
 And I laugh to see them waded and
 And a swarm of golden bees
 When I wither the rest in my wadded bed
 And the water rivers, lakes, and seas
 Like steps of the sky fall through me as though
 Are each paved with the moon and these

I find the sun's throne with a burning zone
 And the moon's with a girdle of pearl. 60

The vultures at midnight the stars red and swim,
 When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl
 From cape to cape with a bridge-like shape
 Over a torrent sea

Shoeborn-proof I hang like a roof,
 The mountains its columns be
 The triumphal arch through which I march
 With hurricane, fire and snow,
 When the powers of the air are chained to my
 chair,

In the midnight-colded bow 70
 The sphere fire above its soft colours wave
 While the moist earth was laughing below

I am the daughter of Earth and Water
 And the nursling of the Sky;
 I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores,
 I change, but I cannot die.

For after the rain when with never a stain
 The pavilion of Heaven is bare,
 And the winds and sunbeams with their convex
 gleams

Bind up the land under a fur 80
 I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
 And out of the caverns of rain
 Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from
 the tomb,

I arise and unbend it again

John Keats

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHALMERS
'HOMER'

At first I thought I had seen gods of gold
 And I had seen the vestments of a king, the sceptre,
 And had seen a woman, and I have been
 Which bards, if I believe, Apollo held
 Out of a world of expense had I been told
 It did resemble Homer even as his countrymen
 Yet did I never dream to be pure serene
 Till I heard the priestess speak of Ion and his land
 Of a fact I have come within of the times
 When a new planet enters into his ken,
 And so stand I now when with eagle eyes
 He stands at the Parnassus and all his men
 Looked at him, clear with a world of sense
 Silent, upon a peak in Darien

ODE TO AUTUMN

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
 Close home to us of the maturing sun,
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless
 With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves
 run;
 To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
 To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
 With a sweet kernel; to set the ploughman tear,

And so I leave you, sweet flowers for the bees
 Unto the time when autumn days will never cease, 10
 For Summer has decreed and their crannies
 cells.

Will I not sit some time at my little store?
 Sometimes at ever-suns or almanacs, and
 There sitting cross-legged on a grassy floor,
 Thy hair soft-floated by the weaving wind, 15
 Or on a willow-branch far over a field and sheep,
 How I will see the fun of peepers while thy
 hook
 Spreads the next week and all its twined
 flowers;

And so the roses are a wonder thou dost keep
 So say thy hidden ones across a hedge,
 Or by a road express, with patient look 20
 Then wait rest the last evening hours by
 hours.

Where are the songs of Spring—Aye, where are
 they?

Think not of them—till a nest thy mouse has
 When a barrel of eels is blown the soft dying day 25
 And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue,
 Then in a walled choir the small goats begin
 Among the river-sallows, borne aloft
 Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies,
 And full-grown lambs and bleat from hilly bourn 30
 Hedge-crickets sing, and now with treble soft
 The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,
 And gathering swallows twitter in the skies

Lord Tennyson

ULYSSES

It little profits that an idle king,
 By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
 Matched with an aged wife, I mete and dole
 Unequal laws unto a savage race,
 That hoard and sleep and feed and know not
 me

I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
 Life to the lees: all times I have enjoyed
 Greatly have suffered: greatly both with those
 That live and those that won on shore and when
 Thro' travelling reach the rainy Hyades 10
 Next the dim sea: I am become a name;
 For always roaming with a hungry heart
 Much have I seen and known: cities of men
 And manners, climates, councils, governments,
 Myself not least, but honoured of them all;
 And drunk delight of battle with my peers
 Far on the rugged plains of windy Troy
 I am a part of all that I have met,
 Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
 Gleams that untravell'd world whose margin
 fades 20

For ever and for ever when I move
 How dull it is to pause to make an end,
 To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
 As tho' to breathe were life! Life piled on life
 Were all too little and of one to me
 Little remains, but every hour is saved
 From that eternal silence something more,
 A bringer of new things, and vile it were

For some three suns to store and I heard myself
 And this great spirit yearning to depart
 To follow his avenger like a smiting star,
 Leaving the utmost limit of human thought

30

This is my son, my own Telemachus,
 To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—
 Well-loved of me, dearer than ever before,
 This labour, to grow perfect to make bold
 A rugged people and thro' soft degrees
 Subdue them to the useful and the good.
 Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
 Of common duties, decent not to fail.

40

In deeds of tenderness and pity
 Most admirable to my household gods
 When I am gone. He works his work I mine
 To see how the port the vessel pulls her soul
 Thro' groins the deck-board sees. My mariners
 Shall be that have to row and weight and thrust
 with me—

That ever with a frigate will be took
 The thunder and the storm and the deep sound
 The hoarse shouts from far banks you and I are old
 Our age hath not his heart and his hand
 Deeds are done yet but something more is done
 Some work of nature that they yet are done
 Not only our men that strove with Gods
 The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks
 The long day wanes the slow river climbs the

50

deep

Moan round with many voices. Come, my
 friends

'Tis not too late to seek a newer world
 Push off, and sitting well in order smite

The sun has set now, for my purpose is
 To gaze beyond the sunset and the stars
 Of old the western stars until I lie
 It may be that the gulls will wash us clean
 It may be we shall reach the Hyperborean
 And see the great Achilles whom we knew
 The much is taken from the world, and this
 We are not lost that strength, at last we find
 Mind and earth and heaven, that which we are, we
 are;
 One equal temper of heroic hearts
 Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
 To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield

Laocelles Abercrombie

THE STREAM'S SONG

Make way, make way
 For the water's motion
 Room for my play
 Let us go

Do you not fear
 O rocks and boulders
 To feel my laughter
 On your grey shoulders?

Do you not know
 My joy at length
 Will all wear out
 Your own strength?

You will not for ever
Cumber my play;
With joy and a song
I clear my way.

Your faith of rock
Shall yield to me,
And be carried away
By the song of my glee. 20-

Crumble, crumble,
Voiceless things;
No faith can last
That never sings.

For the last hour
To joy belongs:
The steadfast perish,
But not the songs.

Yet for a while
Thwart me, O boulders; 30-
I need for laughter
Your serious shoulders.

And when my singing
Has razed you quite,
I shall have lost
If I my delight

Rupert Brooke

THE SOLDIER

If I should die think only this of me:
 That there's some corner of a foreign field
 That is for ever England. There shall be
 In that corner, as in England, a corner
 A best where England's dead are buried,
 As once her flowers are blown, her ways to ruin
 A lady of England's death, English are
 Washed by the river, lost by sons of home
 And took this heart, as ever shed away,
 A piece in the storm and no less
 Gave somewhere among the thoughts by England
 given;
 Her white and words, seems happy as her day,
 And laughter, heart of friends, and gentleness,
 In hearts at peace, under an English heaven

Wilfred Owen

FUTILITY

Move him into the sun—
 Gently its touch awakes him once
 At home—whisper of fields unsown
 Always it woke him, even in France,
 Until this morning and this snow
 If anything might rouse him now
 The kind old sun will know

Think how it wakes the seeds—
Woke, once, the clays of a cold star
Are limbs so dear achieved, are sides 10
Full nerved, —still warm, —too hard to stir?
Was it for this the clay grew tall?
—O what made fatuous sunbeams toil
To break earth's sleep at all?

THE BOY COMES HOME

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT

By A. A. MILNE

CHARACTERS

UNCLE JAMES

AUNT EMILY,

PHILIP

MARY,

MRS HIGGINS

THE BOY COMES HOME

SCENE *A room in UNCLE JAMES'S house in the Cromwell Road.*

TIME *The day after the War*

Any room in UNCLE JAMES'S house is furnished in heavy mid-Victorian style. This particular morning-room is perhaps sadder and more respectable even than the others, from the heavy table in the middle of it to the heavy engravings on the walls. There are two doors to it. The one at the back goes into the hall, the one at the side into the dining-room.

PHILIP comes in from the hall and goes into the dining-room. Apparently he finds nothing there, for he returns to the morning-room, looks about him for a moment and then rings the bell. It is ten o'clock, and he wants his breakfast. He picks up the paper, and sits in a heavy armchair in front of the fire—a stout and looking well built person of twenty-three, with an air of decisiveness about him. MARY, the parlour maid, comes in.

MARY "Did you ring, Master Philip?"

PHILIP [absently] "Yes. I want some breakfast, please."

MARY

MARY [coldly] "Breakfast has been cleared away an hour ago."

PHILIP "Exactly. That's why I rang. You can boil me a couple of eggs or something. And coffee, not tea."

PHILIP They do that with the boys when they get out of the Army.

EMILY: I wish now I should have been a habit of four years would have stayed with me.

come. I have nothing for you, and I have not
 time to discuss it. We are very sorry to
 hear that you have been ill, and hope you

Father Will I desire you would not sleep until I was taken from this place but would remain awake for my last moments.

At present, the following is the list of the

with us, Philip.

PHILIP: *(looking at her)* I know you've not understood
 stand, didn't you dear?

[illegible][illegible]

I hope you are well. I am well, but I am very fond of you, Philip.

father. He's always used to be frightened of him. I suppose he's not the same. He's made out the same letter, and he still has track of me. It's a clock been making out of money, I suppose?

EMILY He never tells me exactly, but he did speak once about the absurdity of the excess profits tax. You see, jam is a thing the Army wants.

PHILIP. It certainly gets it.

EMILY It was so nice for him, because it made him feel he was doing his bit, helping the poor men in the trenches.

Enter MARY

MARY Mrs. Higgins wishes to speak to you in a moment. [She looks at PHILIP and then at EMILY.] Then you are ready [getting up]. Yes, I am. [To PHILIP] I think I'd better just see what she wants first.

PHILIP [tracing MARY] Tell Mrs. Higgins to come in. [MARY nods and looks at her mistress.] At once, please. [Exit MARY.]

EMILY [apart] Philip, dear, I don't know what Mrs. Higgins will say—

PHILIP No, nobody seems to. I thought we might really find out for once.

MARY [going towards the door] Perhaps I'd better go—

PHILIP [putting his arm round her] Oh no, you must. You see, she really wants to see me.

EMILY. You?

PHILIP. Yes. I ordered breakfast five minutes ago.

EMILY. Philip! My poor boy! Why didn't you tell me? And I dare say I could have got it for you. Though I don't know what Mrs. Higgins—

[An extremely angry voice is heard outside, and

MRS. HIGGINS, stout and aggressive, comes in

MRS. HIGGINS [*truculently*] You sent for me, ma'am?

FAMILY [*nervously*] Yes—er—I think of you—perhaps—

PHILIP [*calmly*] I sent for you, Mrs. Higgins. I want some breakfast. Don't Mary tell you?

MRS. HIGGINS Breakfast at eight o'clock. It always has been as long as I've been in this house and always will be until I get further orders.

PHILIP Well, you've just got further orders. Two eggs, and if there's a ham—

MRS. HIGGINS Orders. Were thinking about orders. From whom, in this case do I take orders, may I ask?

PHILIP. In this case from me.

MRS. HIGGINS [*pulling her trumpet*] In that case, ma'am, I wish to give a month's notice from today, inclusive.

PHILIP [*quickly, before his aunt can see anything*]. Certainly. In fact, you'd probably prefer that I have not given you notice and then you could go at once. We can easily arrange that. [*He AUNT FAMILY as he takes out a fountain pen and cheque-book*] What do you pay her?

FAMILY [*timidly*] Forty-five pence.

PHILIP [*unfolding his knee*] Twelves into forty-five [*Pleasantly to MRS. HIGGINS, but without looking at her*] I'll give you a £1 note and a five-shilling cheque. Some people do, but this is quite a good one. [*Tearing it out*] Here you are.

MRS. HIGGINS [*taken aback*] What's this?

PHILIP Your wages instead of notice. Now you can go at once.

MRS. HARRIS. Well, I don't think it is so bad.

PHILIP. I don't think it is so bad.

MRS. HARRIS. If I were a bit of a realist, I don't

say I should be so much more than I am.

PHILIP [after taking the dog]. I don't think

you are. I don't think you are. And I don't think

you are. I don't think you are. I don't think

away.] Thanks very much.

MRS. HARRIS. Yes, I don't think you are.

PHILIP. I don't think you are. I don't think
much to worry about.

MRS. HARRIS. I don't think you are. I don't think
terrified.

PHILIP. I don't think you are. I don't think
out there.

EMILY. What job?

PHILIP. Yes, I don't think you are. I don't think
about that ham.

He looks at her and then at the dog and
then at the dog and then at the dog and the room
getting a little more like her habit, when
she is interrupted by the entrance of EMILY
JAMES. JAMES is not a very man, not in im-
pression or in his blue morning coat, and
he talks sharply and, now going quiet, does
not have a drop of any great power, but he has
a certain strength with the
weak.

JAMES. Philip down yet?

EMILY He's just having his breakfast.

JAMES *[Looking at his watch, Ten o'clock. [Snapping at shut and putting it back, Ten o'clock. I say ten o'clock, Emily.*

EMILY Yes, dear, I heard you.

JAMES You don't say anything?

EMILY *calmly* I expect he's tired after that long war.

JAMES That's no excuse for not being punctual. I suppose he's at present busy in the Army?

EMILY I expect he learnt it, James, but I understood him to say that he'd forgotten.

JAMES Then the sooner he learns it again the better. I particularly stayed away from the office to-day in order to talk it over with him. *[Looking at his watch]* Here's ten o'clock past ten and no sign of him. I'm practically throwing away a day.

EMILY What are you going to talk to him about?

JAMES His future, naturally. I have decided that the best thing he can do is to come into the business at once.

EMILY Are you really going to talk it over with him, James, or are you just going to tell him that he must come?

JAMES *[surprised]* What do you mean? What's the difference? Naturally we shall talk it over first, and—er—naturally he'll fall in with my wishes.

EMILY I suppose he can hardly help himself, poor boy.

JAMES Not until he's twenty-five, anyhow. When he's twenty-five he can have his own money and do what he likes with it.

JAMES. Of course, if he likes to earn his living any other way he may, but I don't see how he proposes to do it so long as I told the parsonage. [*Looking at his watch.*] Perhaps you'd better tell him that I can't wait any longer.

EMILY. *[opens the door looking into the dining room and looks through it to PHILIP]*

EMILY. Is your mother waiting to see you before he goes to the office? Why don't you go, dear?

PHILIP. *[from the dining room.]* Is he in a hurry?

JAMES. *[shortly.]* Yes.

EMILY. He says he is rather dear.

PHILIP. Couldn't he come and talk to her? It wouldn't interfere with my breakfast.

JAMES. No.

EMILY. He says he'd rather you came to him, darling.

PHILIP. *[resigned.]* Oh, well.

EMILY. *[to JAMES.]* He'll be here directly, dear. Just sit down in front of the fire and make yourself comfortable with the paper. He won't keep you long.

[She arranges him.]

JAMES. *[tipping the paper.]* The morning's not the time to make oneself comfortable. It's a most dangerous habit. I nearly found myself dropping off in front of the fire just now. I don't like this hanging about, waiting the day.

[He opens the paper.]

EMILY. You should have had a nice sleep, dear, while you could. We were up so late last night listening to Philip's stories.

JAMES Yes yes. [*He begins a yawn and stifles it hurriedly*] You can't neglect your duties, Emily. I've no doubt you have plenty to do.

EMILY All right James, then I'd leave you. But don't be hard on the boy.

ANNE [*entering*] I shall be just back. You can rely upon that.

EMILY [*going to the door*] I don't think that's quite what I meant. [*She goes out.*]

JAMES who is now quite noticeable, begins to read. He comes up with a start, turns over the paper, and reads again. Soon he is breathing deeply with closed eyes.

* * *

PHILIP [*coming in*] Sorry to have kept you waiting, but I was a bit late for breakfast. [*He takes out his pipe.* Are you going out to business or what?

JAMES [*looking at his watch*] A bit late! I make it just two hours.

PHILIP [*laughing*] All right, Uncle James. Call it two hours late. Or twenty-two hours early for to-morrow's breakfast, if you like.

[*He sits down in a chair on the opposite side of the table from his uncle, and lights his pipe.*]

JAMES. You smoke now?

PHILIP [*staggered*] I what?

JAMES [*nodding at his pipe*]. You smoke?

PHILIP Good heavens! what do you think we did in France?

JAMES Before you start saying you've got to go, I should have thought you would have asked for your mother's permission.

[PHILIP looks at him in a ~~direct~~ and then goes to the door.

PHILIP [calling] Aunt Emily! Aunt Emily! . . . Do you mind my taking a letter?

AUNT EMILY [from upstairs] Oh, no, not during

PHILIP [to JAMES, as he returns to his room] Of course not, darling. [He puts back his pipe in his mouth.

JAMES No, not for me and for old Philip, while you're out. In my house I expect to be a punctilious, but also a very kind master. I will not have impudence.

PHILIP [uncomprehending] Well, that's what I want to talk to you about. Understand me. About this, your house, I mean.

JAMES I don't know what you're on about.

PHILIP Well, we don't get on too well together, and I thought perhaps I'd better take some steps. You could give me an allowance until I am able to make money, or I suppose you could give me the money now if you really liked. I can't quite know how far to let it go.

JAMES [calmly] You come into your money when you are twenty-five. Your father very wisely felt that to trust a large sum to a mere boy of twenty-one was simply putting temptation in his way. Whether I have the power or not to alter his dispositions, I certainly don't propose to do so.

PHILIP If it comes to that, I don't want five

JAMES: I know. I had an impression that that event took place in a couple of years' time. When did you become twenty-five, may I ask?

ALFRED: *[pauses]* It was on the same. We were attending the next day and my company was in support. We were in a second trench on the edge of a wood, damned rotten place to be, and we got fed. The company commander sent back to ask if we could move. The C.O. said, 'Certainly not. Hang on.' We hung on, doing nothing, you know—just hanging on and waiting for the next day. Of course the B.L.K. was all about that. He had it on his nose. 'Sure, I know it, I know! He was one of the best our company ever had. I know. They got him, poor devil! It's left us a remnant of the company. I sent a runner back to ask if I could move. Well, I'd had a lot of a sweat on my own and found a sort of trench for him. I'd vaulted to the right. Not very good, but a trench, of some sort compared to that wretched hell, it was. He said, 'He's back. I don't mind it, I don't mind it. I'd go there. My man never came back. I went and sent and sent another man. He went west too. Well, I wasn't going to send a third. It was murder. So I had to decide. We'd lost about half the company by that time, you see. Well, there were three things I could do—hang on, move to the other trench, get out orders or go back on self and expand the situation. I moved. And then I went back to the C.O. and told him I'd moved. And then I went back to the company again. *[Quite loud]* That was when I became twenty-five. Or thirty-five. Or forty-five.

JAMES [*recovering himself with an effort*] Ah yes, yes. [*He coughs awkwardly*] No, that pants like that frequently crop up in the trenches. I am glad that you did well out there, and I am sure your Colonel would speak kindly of you. But when it comes to losing a career for you now that you have hit the Army—my advice is not altogether to be despised. Your father evidently thought so, or he would not have entreated you to re-appear.

PHILIP My father did not foresee this war.

JAMES Yes, yes, but you make too much of this war. All you young boys seem to think you've come back from France to see us our business. You'll tell that it's you who'll have to learn, not we.

PHILIP I'm quite prepared to learn. In fact I want to.

JAMES Excellent. Then we can consider that settled.

PHILIP Well, we haven't settled yet what business I'm going to learn.

JAMES I don't think that's very difficult. I propose to take you into my business. You'll start at the bottom of course, but it will be a splendid opening for you.

PHILIP [*thoughtful*] I see. So you've decided it for me? The jam business.

JAMES [*surprised*] Is there anything to be ashamed of in that?

PHILIP Of course not at all. Only it doesn't happen to appeal to me.

JAMES If you knew which side your bread was buttered, it would appeal to you very considerably.

PHILIP I'm afraid I can't see the butter for the jam.

JAMES I don't want any silly jokes of that sort. You were ~~old enough to get it out there~~ I've no doubt.

EDITH Oh yes. Perhaps that's why I'm so sick of it now. No, it's too good. Uncle James, you must think of something else.

JAMES ~~Is that a story?~~ Perhaps you've thought of something else?

EDITH Well, I had some idea of being an architect.

JAMES You propose to start learning to be an architect at twenty-three?

EDITH ~~Exactly!~~ Well, I couldn't start before, could I?

JAMES EXACTLY. And now you'll find it's too late.

EDITH Is it? About there going to be any more architects, or doctors, or engineers, or barristers? Because we've lost ~~at least~~ ^{at least} four years of our lives. Are all the professions going to die out?

JAMES And how do you suppose you'll be able to ~~earn your money~~ ^{earn your money} as an architect?

EDITH The usual way, whatever that may be. If I'm a doctor, I'll be paid, so is everybody else.

JAMES Well, I think it's high time you began to earn a living at once.

EDITH Look here, Uncle James, do you really think that you can treat me like a boy who's just left school? Do you think four years at the front have made no difference at all?

JAMES If there had been any difference, I should have expected it to take the form of an increased readiness to obey orders and recognize authority.

I am *convinced*. You are evidently determined to
 have a row. Perhaps I had better tell you once and for all
 that I refuse to go into the turp and vegetable marrow
 business.

TABLE 1. *Effect of temperature on the development of the larvae of the European spruce sawfly, *Pristiphora erichsoni* (L.)*

purple (commensally). I remember him very well
 as a doctor. He was covered with red and a very red
 face, about twenty inches and a cold blue eye. He told
 me, "wally, he was for about five years" which seemed
 to me to be a long time. I am afraid you aren't nearly so up to date
 Uncle James.

[illegible]

Don't it?

PHILIP [*thoughtfully*]. Yes

7. If $\alpha \in \mathcal{A}$ is a \mathbb{Z} -linear combination of β_1, \dots, β_n , then α is a \mathbb{Z} -linear combination of β_1, \dots, β_n .

another argument.

[H. L. ...] ...
... ..

rows [1] to m , up to and including the n th row, and
 m rows. When $n = 1$, the n th row is the first row.



PHILIP: Say your friend from France. Do you know, Uncle John, that this revolver has killed one or two of the Germans?

JAMES [*laughing*]: Oh? Well, don't go prying about with it here, or you'll be killing King John before you know where you are.

PHILIP: Well, you never know. [*He raises it hesitantly and points it at his neck*]. It's a nice little weapon.

JAMES [*angrily*]: Put it away, sir. You ought to have grown out of making tracks like that in the Army. You ought to know better than to point an unloaded revolver at anybody. That's the way accidents always happen.

PHILIP: No, when I've been on a revolver course, I know a damned thing or two, I've found.

JAMES [*very angry, he makes a frightened outcry*]: It's a damned thing, sir, but it turns it away from him and comes back to you. What's the matter with you? Have you gone mad, or not?

PHILIP [*smiling*]: I have, and we've lost a lot of it. It's shot such a lot of Germans.

JAMES: Well, I won't wait about my neck, but the same goes for the lot of them.

PHILIP: I wonder how many of them you know. I know that there are about a hundred thousand people in London who own revolvers, who are quite accustomed to them and who have nobody to practise on now.

JAMES: No, sir, I don't know. I don't.

PHILIP [*thoughtfully*]: I wonder if it will make any difference. You know, it's so easy to point it at people. It's rather difficult to realize suddenly that one oughtn't to

JAMES [*getting up*] I don't know what the object of all this foolery is, if it has one. But you understand that I expect you to come to the office with me to-morrow at nine o'clock. I don't see that you're punctual.

[*He turns to go away.*]

PHILIP [*after a pause*] Come, James.

JAMES [*over his shoulder*] I have no more—

PHILIP [*in his paralytic voice*] Don't it, sir? stand to attention when you talk to your officer? JAMES instinctively crosses himself and stutters himself. That's better. You can sit down if you like.

[*He motions JAMES to him. Then with the air of a*

JAMES [*going nervously to the chair*] What does that bluff mean?

PHILIP It isn't bluff, it's your ~~own~~ *own*. Pointing the revolver at his uncle] Do sit down.

JAMES [*sitting down*] Threats, eh?

PHILIP. Persuasion.

JAMES At the point of the revolver? You settle your arguments before? Good heavens, no. It is just the very thing that we were fighting to put down.

PHILIP We were fighting? That's it? You're a humorist.

JAMES Well, 'you,' if you're not. Although those of us who stayed at home—

PHILIP Yes, never mind about the excess profits now. I can tell you quite well what we fought for. We used force to put down force. That's what I'm doing now. You were

THE BOY COMES HOME

6

PHILIP *[picking down the revolver and taking it in his hand]* You hold it in the right hand—see—keep it—are to keep the lever down. Then you take the pin in the finger and pull out—perhaps this doesn't interest you.

JAMES *[wiping his hair away]* Put it away—it once served good turns'—it's long in the hand.

PHILIP *[putting it down and taking up the revolver again]* Does it ever occur to you, Uncle James, that there are about three million people in England who know about bombs, and how to throw them, and

JAMES It certainly does not occur to me. I should never dream of letting those things occur to me.

PHILIP *[looking at the bomb regretfully]* It's rather against my principles as a soldier, but just to make things a bit more fair—*[pocketing it]* you shall have it.

[He holds it out to him suddenly]

JAMES *[startling back again]* Certainly not, sir. It might go off at any moment.

PHILIP *[putting it back in his pocket]* Oh, no, it's quite useless—there's no jet motor. *[Strictly]* Now, then, let's talk business.

JAMES What do you want me to do?

PHILIP Strictly speaking, you should be hanging your hands over your head and saying 'Kamerad!' However, I'll let you off that. All I ask from you is that you should be reasonable.

JAMES And if I refuse you'll shoot me?

PHILIP Well, I don't quite know, Uncle James. I expect we should go through this little scene again to-morrow.

You can't be given a bad year. We don't see any of it to come. We release it every day. One day, if you go on some of these, the drug will be out of use, you'll never feel it again. I've seen people that had you can't be quite certain. It's a hundred to one that I should say I'm not too sure about it. But a man die of it sometimes.

SAMPLES Taken from the bottom by means of dredge.

PHILIP [*sincerely*] You're quite right, you're not that sort. I made a mistake. [*coming carefully*] I shall have to do it straight off, after my one-two.

JAMES ~~on~~ his knees, with upturned hands, in an agony
 of terror. 'Phoo! 'Mony! What are your wishes?'

PHILIP [picking him up by the scruff, and helping him
on to a chair, then leaning, that—the day to talk—I'd get
back for you—Make yours self comfortable in front of the fire
and I come back—Here's the paper—

[He gives his uncle the paper, and goes out into the hall.

[James peers his eyes with a start and looks round him on a bewildered way. He turns his head, takes out his watch and looks at it, and then stares round the room again. The door from the dining-room opens, and Philip comes in with a piece of toast in his hand.]

PHILIP [his mouth full] You wanted to see me Uncle James?

JAMES [*stifled wonder*]. That's all right, my boy. That's all right. What have you been doing?

PHILIP [*surprised*]. *Remains* [*Putting the nut piece in his mouth*]. Rather late, I'm afraid.

JAMES. That's all right. *He crops up suddenly*
 PHILIP. Anything to report? You don't look your usual bright self.

JAMES. I've *seem* to have dropped asleep in front of the fire. Most unusual things seem to have *been* Most unusual.

PHILIP. But that is a lesson to you not to get up so early. Of course, if you're in the Army you can't help your sleep. I think I've been *in* bed of it and my own master again.

JAMES. Ah! that's what I wanted to talk to you about. Set down, Philip.

PHILIP [*taking a chair by the table*]. You have that ankle, I shall be all right here.

JAMES [*hastily*]. No, no, you come here. *He presses Philip the armchair and sits by the table himself*. I should be dropping off again.

[He laughs awkwardly]

PHILIP. Righto.

[He puts his hand in his pocket] PHILIP. JAMES shivers and looks at him in horror. PHILIP drops out his pipe, and a sickly grin *comes* into JAMES'S face.

JAMES. I suppose you smoked a bit in France?

PHILIP. Rather! Nothing else to do. It's allowed in here.

JAMES [*hesitating*]. Yes, yes, of course. [PHILIP looks at him.] We know. I suppose you are now going to do now you've left the Army?

PHILIP [*prodding*]. I am my intention and sell my revolver.

JAMES [*hesitating*]. If the word is revolver, you mean revolver, eh?

PHILIP [*surprised*]. Well, I don't want to know, do I? JAMES. No. Oh, no. Oh, not certainly not, I should say. Oh. I don't see why you should want it at all. [He looks at his hand.] You're a Englishman now. No need for revolvers here—eh?

PHILIP [*staring at him*]. Well, no, I hope not.

JAMES [*disturbed*]. Quite so. Well, now. Perhaps, what do you want to do for a profession for you?

PHILIP [*growing*]. I suppose so. I haven't really thought about it much.

JAMES. You never wanted to be an architect?

PHILIP [*surprised*]. Architect?

JAMES rubs his head and wonders what made him think of architect.

JAMES. Or anything like that.

PHILIP. It's a bit late, isn't it?

JAMES. Well, if you're four years behind us, as everybody else. [He feels vaguely that he has heard this argument before.]

PHILIP [*sounding*]. To tell the truth, I don't feel I mind much anyway. Anything you like—except a commission, of course. I absolutely refuse to wear uniform again.

JAMES How would you like to come into the business?

PHILIP The job business? Well, I don't know. You wouldn't want me to make out in the earnings?

JAMES My dear boy, no!

PHILIP All right. I'll try it if you like. I don't know if I shall be any good—what do you say?

JAMES It's your experience in managing and handling men which I hope will be of value.

PHILIP Oh, I can do that. I get *stretched* *himself* *thoroughly*. I mean, I dare do you realize that I'm never going to *with* *in* *to* wear a uniform and get wet, really wet. I mean—*or* examine men's feet, *or* stand to attention when I'm spoken to about 'let more things'. And best of all, I'm never going to be frightened again. Has *you* *ever* *known* *what* *it* *is* *to* *be* *afraid* *very* *afraid*?

JAMES *embarrassed* I—er—well— *He* *laughs*

PHILIP No, you could *not* *only* *stand* *it* *but* *if* *I* *can*. Well, that's *very* *very* *good* *and* *I* *could* *spend* *the* *rest* *of* *my* *life* *in* *the* *British* *Museum* *and* *be* *happy*.

JAMES *getting up* All right, well, let's you and the other—I expect you want a bit of rest, I think.

PHILIP *getting up* Mr. *James* *and* *his* *is* *today* *being* *in* *London* *is* *happy*. I'm *in* *the* *paper* *working* *in* *the* *office* *and* *after* *this* *nothing* *it's* *all* *holiday*.

JAMES All right, then, you're going with me now, and I'll introduce you to Mr. *Harford*.

PHILIP Right. Who's he?

JAMES. Our manager. A little stuff, but a very good fellow. He's ~~be~~ delighted to hear that you are coming into the firm.

WILL [sneaking]. Perhaps I'd better bring my revolver, in case he isn't.

JAMES [laughing] with forced heartiness as they go together to the door. Ha! ha! A good joke that! Ha, ha, ha! A good joke—but only a joke, of course. Ha, ha! He, he, he!

EDITH goes out. JAMES, following him, turns at the door and looks round the room in a bewildered way. Was it a dream, or wasn't it? He will never be quite certain.

CURTAIN



THE RISING OF THE MOON

BY LADY GREGORY



CHARACTERS

SERGEANT

POLICEMAN A

POLICEMAN B

A RAGGED MAN

THE RISING OF THE MOON

SCENE 1 Set at a quay in a seaport town. Some posts and rails. A large barrel. Enter three policemen. *Moonlight.*

SERGEANT who is older than the other, crosses the stage to R and leans down to it. The others put down a pasted and unroll a bundle of placard.

POLICEMAN B I think this would be a good place to put up a notice. *[He points to barrel]*

POLICEMAN A Better ask him. *[Turns to SERGEANT]* Will this be a good place for a placard?" *[No answer]*

POLICEMAN B Will we put up a notice here on the barrel? *[No answer.]*

SERGEANT There's a flight of steps here that leads to the water. This is a place that should be rounded up. If he got down here his friends might have a seat to meet him. They ought to set it all here from outside.

POLICEMAN B Would the barrel be a good place to put a notice up?

SERGEANT I might see you put it there.

[They paste the notice up]

SERGEANT *[reading it]* Dark hair, dark eyes, smooth face, height five feet five—there's not much to take hold of in that. It's a pity I had no chance of seeing him before he broke out of jail. They say he's a wonder. That it's so makes

the plans for the women's organization. There isn't another man in Ireland who'd ever broken jail the way he did. He cut these fellows free from among the gals.

MAN X. A pocket pistol is little enough for the government to search for. You may be sure you can find one that takes care of you will get protection.

SERGEANT. I said the police. I wouldn't wonder if he had a gun. He might be slipping away there to get a good gun, and his friends might be waiting for him there [points down steps] and once he got away the police would have of finding him. It's better to be under a load of lead than in a fishing boat, and to help a cornered man that wants it to the reward.

MAN X. And if we get him its life, it's long but abuse it out hands for it for the people and mine from our own relations.

SERGEANT. Well, we have to do our duty in the force. Haven't we the whole country depending on us to keep law and order? It's those that are down would be up and those that are up would be down if it wasn't for us. Well, hurry on, you have plenty of other places to play and yet and come back here then to rest. You can take the lantern. Don't be too long, it's very late here with nothing out the moon.

MAN B. It's a pity we can't stop with you. The Government should have brought more police into the town with him in jail, and it's a shame too. Well, good luck to your watch.

[They go out.]

SERGEANT *Laughs up and down once or twice and looks at placard.* A hundred pounds and promised on sure. There must be a great deal of spending in a hundred pounds. It's a pretty good house for a night to be the better of that.

[A LACKEY MAN appears at the end of the stage past
SERGEANT suddenly turns

SERGEANT. Where are you going?

MAN. I'm a poor fellow, sir, and I have. I thought to sell some of these *[He holds out couple of cattle]* to the sailors. *[He goes on.*

SERGEANT. Stop! I told you to stop! You can't go on there.

MAN. Oh, very well. It's a hard thing to be poor. All the world's against the poor!

SERGEANT. Who are you?

MAN. You'd be as wise as myself if I told you, but I don't mind. I'm one Jimmy Walsh, a ballad singer.

SERGEANT. Jimmy Walsh? I don't know that name.

MAN. Ah, sure, they know it well enough in Ennis. Were you ever in Ennis, Sergeant?

SERGEANT. What brought you here?

MAN. Sure it's to the assize. I came thinking I might make a few shillings here or there. It's in the one train with the judges I came.

SERGEANT. Well, if you came so far, you may as well go further for small work out of this.

MAN. I will, I will. I'll just go on where I was going. *[Goes towards steps.*

7 UNLAKES BY THE SHIPBOARDS

SERGEANT. Come look that horse step it over this
cave and what do you think?

MAN. I put it on the top of the steps? I see what
some of you buy a horse that they would give me a supper.
They are not going back to the town. But later I saw
them at the cave and down the cave and out.

SERGEANT. Move on. I tell you. I don't have anyone
going about the place tonight.

MAN. Well, I'll go. It's too late to have to find the
M. to come and get me. Sergeant. Here is a good
horse. I'll give you a horse and a horse. I'll give you
a horse. The horse and the horse you would like. The
horse. I'll give you that. That's a horse's song.

SERGEANT. Move on.

MAN. Ah, well, I'll hear it. Sings
There was a horse and a daughter lived near the town
of Ross.

SERGEANT. A Highland soldier, his name was John's Hart
Sings the mother to her daughter. "I'll go down to the
town, carry that Highland soldier dressed up in Highland
plaid." "

SERGEANT. Stop that noise.

MAN. I'll go up the hill and up the hill to get the
steps.

SERGEANT. Where are you going?

MAN. Sure, I'll tell me to be going and I'll go on.

SERGEANT. I'll be a horse. I don't tell you that
I'll be a horse. I'll be a horse. I'll be a horse.

MAN. Back to the town, is it?

Here, I'll show you the way to get it with you.

Q] I think I know what you're getting at Sergeant.

SO. EAST W. 4 (5) 100' 1' 5000'

MAN And I stay with the car, you're waiting for it.
 WOMAN Well, I'm bringing the steaks and

STENO AND YOU KNOW I DON'T THINK I CAN FIND HIM. WE, IT IS HE?

MAN. Come back is it, Sergeant? Do I want to be killed?

SHERMAN: Why do you say that?

Yes. Never mind. I'm going. I wouldn't be in a hurry if the reward was ten times as much. [Goes on off to the left.] Not if it was ten times as much.

SERGEANT *(rushing after him)* Come back here come back
[*Drags Tom back* What sort is he? Where did
see him?

was. I saw him in my ~~own~~ place in the County Jail. All you ~~you~~ wouldn't like to be looking at him. You'd find to be in the one place with him. There isn't a paper he doesn't know the use of and as to strapping his clothes are as hard as that board. [Staps barrel]

SECRET 1. Logistical Support

MAN. He is then

SERGEANT Do you tell me so?

MAN There was a poor man in our place a sergeant
Bollvang in — It was with a lump of stone he led it

SERGEANT. I never heard of that.

MAN. A. If you would like to see it. It isn't everything that appears gets into the papers. And there was a police man I pointed out to you. It's in Limerick it was. It was after the battle of the Black Mountain the police barrack at Limerick. Meeting to get me this waterside. Nothing was known for certain.

SERGEANT. I'll see it. It's a terrible country to belong to.

MAN. I'll see it. You might be standing there looking at that way of thinking you saw him coming up this side of the glass, you might be going up this other side of the glass. I'll lead you out before you know where you were.

SERGEANT. If it were a lot of police they ought to pay for it. Stop a man like that.

MAN. But if you don't stop with you, I could be looking down this side. I could be sitting in the barrel on this barrel.

SERGEANT. And you know the well, can't you?

MAN. I'd know him a mile off. Sergeant.

SERGEANT. But you wouldn't want to share it, would you?

MAN. Is it a poor man like me that has to be going the roads and saying in fact to have the name of it that he took a reward. I'll not want it. I'll be safer in the town.

SERGEANT. Well, you can stop.

MAN. [getting up in barrel] All right, Sergeant. I wonder, to see you're not tired out. Sergeant walking up and down the way you are.

SERGEANT If I'm tired I'm used to it.

MAN You might have hard work before you to night yet. Take it easy while you can. There's plenty of room up here on the barrel, and you see farther when you're higher up.

SERGEANT Make so. Get up beside him on barrel, mount right. They sit down to take looking different ways. You made me feel a bit queer with the way you talked.

MAN Give me a station, Sergeant. *He queries it as I was lights pipe, takes a draw yourself. It is quiet you. What now then I give you a pipe, but you need to turn round. Don't take your eye off the gun for the first you.*

SERGEANT Never fear, I won't. *[Lights pipe. They both smoke.]* Indeed it's a hard thing to be in the force out at night and no thanks for it. For all the danger we're in. And it's little we get but abuse from the people, and no choice but to obey our orders and never asked when a man's sent into danger, if you are a married man with a family.

MAN *[sings]* :

"As through the hills I walked to view the hills and
shamrock plain,

I stood awhile where nature smiles to view the rocks and
streams,

On a mountain far I fixed my eyes beneath a fertile vale
As she sang her song it was in the wrong of poor old
Granuaile."

SERGEANT Stop that. That's no song to be singing in these times.



MAN: Ah, Sergeant, I can't let you go. I'll keep you here. I'll stay with you. I'll look after you. To think of this, with that fellow, the scoundrel, the pig, the scoundrel, not to let us go.

SERGEANT: Are you a very good cook?

MAN: I am a good cook, word. And I like food. I like food. But when I saw a man in trouble, I never could let go. I never could get him out of it. What's that? Had something, I think? *'Tubs his heart*

SERGEANT: *[pulling him by the shoulder]* You will get your reward in heaven.

MAN: I know that. I know that. Sergeant, but this is precious.

SERGEANT: Well, you can sing it. It gives you more courage.

MAN *[sings]*:

Her head was bare, her hands and feet with iron bands
were bound,

Her pensive strain and plaintive wail arose with the
evening gale,

And the song she sang with mournful air I heard all
Granville

Her lips so sweet that monarchs kissed

SERGEANT: That's not it. Her gown, her gown was
torn and wet with gore. That's it—you missed that.

MAN: You're right, Sergeant, so it is. I missed it. *[Repeats line]* But to think of a man like you knowing a song like that.

SERGEANT There's many a thout a man might know and might not have any work for.

MAN Now, I dare say, Sergeant, in your youth, you used to be sitting up on a wall, the way you are sitting up on this barrel now, and the other lads to be you, and you singing *Granuaile*? . . .

SERGEANT. I did then.

MAN And the *Shan Ihean I nocht*?

SERGEANT. I did then.

MAN And the *Green on the Cape*?

SERGEANT That was one of them.

MAN And maybe the man you are working for to night used to be sitting on the wall, when he was young, and singing those same songs. It's a queer world.

SERGEANT Whisht! I think I see something coming . . . It's only a dog.

MAN And isn't it a queer world? Maybe it's one of the boys you used to be singing with that time you would be arresting to-day or to-morrow, and sending into the dock. . . .

SERGEANT That's true indeed.

MAN And maybe one night, after you had been singing, if the other boys had told you some plan they had some plan to free the country, you might have joined with them . . . and maybe it is you might be in trouble now.

SERGEANT Well, who knows but I might? I had a great sport in those days.

MAN It's a queer world, Sergeant, and it's little any mother knows when she sees her child creeping on the floor.

MAN May be, Sergeant, you'd be on the side of the country yet.

SERGEANT [*gets off chair*]. Don't talk to me like that. I have my duties and I know 'em. [*Looks round*]. That was a boat; I hear the oars.

[*Gets to the oars and lets 'em down*]

MAN [*sings*]:

"O, then, tell me, Shawn O'Farrell,
Where the gathering is to be
In the old spot by the river
Right well known to you and me?"

SERGEANT Stop that! Stop that, I tell you!

MAN [*sings louder*]:

One word more, for a gun token,
Whisper up the marching tune,
With your pike upon your shoulder,
At the Rising of the Moon."

SERGEANT If you don't stop that, I'll arrest you.

[*A whistle from below answers, repeating the air*]

SERGEANT That's a signal. [*Stands between man and steps*]. You must not pass this way. Step farther back. . . Who's over? You are no ballad singer.

MAN You couldn't ask who I am; that placard will tell you. [*Points to placard.*]

SERGEANT You are the man I am looking for.

MAN [*takes off hat and wig*]. SERGEANT *seizes them*. I

am there's a hundred pounds a day head. There is a

friend of mine below in a boat. He knows a safe place to bring me to.

SERGEANT [*Looking still at Lat and Udd*] It's a pity! It's a pity. You deceived me. You deceived me well.

MAN I am a friend of Granville. There is a hundred pounds on my head.

SERGEANT It's a pity, it's a pity!

MAN Will you let me pass, or must I leave you here?

SERGEANT I am in the force. I will not let you pass.

MAN I thought I did it with my tongue. [*Puts hand in breast.*] What is that?

VOICE OF POLICEMAN X *Just* Here, this is where we left him.

SERGEANT It's my comrades coming.

MAN You won't betray me. I'm the friend of Granville.

[*Slips behind barrel.*]

VOICE OF POLICEMAN B That was the last of the placards.

POLICEMAN X [*As they come in*] If he makes his escape, it won't be unknown he'll make it.

[SERGEANT puts hat and wig behind his back]

POLICEMAN B Did anyone come this way?

SERGEANT [*after a pause*]. No one.

POLICEMAN B. No one at all?

SERGEANT. No one at all.

POLICEMAN B We had no orders to go back to the station—we can step along with you.

SERGEANT I don't want you. There is nothing for you to do here.

THE RISING OF THE MOON

45

PORTERMAN B. You bade us to come back here and keep watch with you.

SERGEANT. I'd sooner be a dog. Would any man ~~ever~~ this way at a boy making an idiot of his? It is better for you to be quiet.

PORTERMAN B. Well, would you give us the lantern as well? [*Hands it to him.*]

SERGEANT. I don't want it. I brought it with you.

PORTERMAN B. You might want it. There are ~~men~~ coming up and you have two hours of the night before you yet. I'll leave it over to you or to the girl. [*Goes to door.*]

SERGEANT. Bring it with you, I tell you. No more talk.

PORTERMAN B. Well, I thought it might be a comfort to you. I often think when I have it in my hand and can be flicking it about me every way ~~that~~ *that* it is the same as being beside the fire at home, and the bits of logwood ~~coming~~ *come* up now and again.

[*Flashes it about, now on the barrel, now on*]

SERGEANT

SERGEANT [*grunts*]. Be off the two of you, yourselves and your lantern!

[*They go out. MAN comes from behind barrel. He and SERGEANT stand looking at one another.*]

SERGEANT. What are you waiting for?

MAN. For my bit of course, and it's mine. You wouldn't wish me to get my death of cold? [*SERGEANT greets them.*]

MAN [*going towards steps*]. Well, good night, comrade, and thank you. You did me a good turn to night, and

I'd asked to you. Make I'll ~~be~~ to do as much for you when the sun rise up and the ~~ing~~ fall down . . . when we all change places at the rising [*raises his head and disappears*] of the Moon.

~~Servant~~ *turning his back to audience and reading*
poetry 'A hundred pounds reward! A hundred pounds!
 [*Inter-actant*] I wonder, now, am I as great
 a fool as I think I am?

CURTAIN

THE GIFT OF THE MAGI

ONE dollar and eighty-seven cents. That was all. And sixty cents of it was in pennies. Pennies saved one and two at a time by bulldozing the grocer and the vegetable man and the butcher until one's cheeks burned with the silent imputation of parsimony that such close dealing implied. Three times Della counted it. One dollar and eighty-seven cents. And the next day would be Christmas.

There was clearly nothing left to do but flop down on the bed with one's head in one's hands. So Della did it. Which marked the beginning of a moral reformation that life is made up of small sacrifices, and so on, with such a prodigious result.

While the mistress of the home is gradually sliding from the first stage to the second, take a look at the house. A furnished flat at \$8 per week. It did not exactly bear a description, but it certainly had that word on the lock-out for the mendicancy squad.

In the vestibule below was a letter-box into which no letter would go, and an electric button from which no current could coax a ring. Also appertaining thereto was a card bearing the name 'Mr. James Dillingham Young.'

The 'Dillingham' had been flung to the breeze during a former period of prosperity when its possessor was being paid \$10 per week. Now, when the income was shrunk to \$8, the letters of 'Dillingham' looked blurred as though they were thinking seriously of contracting to a modest and unassuming D. But whenever Mr. James Dillingham Young came home and roared his flat above he was called 'Jim' and greeted heartily by Mrs. James Dillingham Young, already introduced to you as Della. Which is all very good.

Della fastened her eyes and attended to her cheeks with the powder rag. She stood by the window and looked out dully

at a grey coat, walking a grey fence in a grey backyard. Tomorrow would be Christmas Day, and she had only \$1.87 with which to buy him a present. She had been saving every penny she could for months, with this result. Twenty presents were wanted for her. Expenses had been greater than she had expected. They always are. Only \$1.87 to buy a present for her Jim. How a happy hour she had spent, planning her something nice for him. Something that would be something, something just a little bit near to being something, but being owned by Jim.

There was a paragoness between the windows of the room. As you have seen a paragoness in an old flat. A very old man, very agreeable man, by observing his reflection in a mirror, came out of a mirror, obtained a reflection of his face. Delia, being slender, had mastered the art.

Delia looked from the window and stood before the mirror. She was very lovely, but her face was not as young as other, twenty years. Rapidly she pulled down her hair and let it fall to its full length.

Now there were two paragonesses of the Times. The young woman, in which they both took a mighty pride. One was Delia's watch that had been her father's and his mother's. The other was Delia's hair. Had the Queen of Scotland lived in the flat across the yard, she would have put her hair down out of the window some day to dry. It was so long. Her Mother's jewels and gifts. Had King Solomon had the paragon with all his treasures piled up in the house, Delia would have pulled out his watch every time he passed, not to see him pluck it but to see him from envy.

So now Delia's beautiful hair fell about her, rippling and shining like a cascade of brown waters. It reached below her knee and made itself almost a garment for her. And then she dived up again nervously and quickly. Once

she fluttered for a minute and stood still when a tear or two soaked in the warm red carpet.

She went her old brown jacket over her head and browned her face. With a wheel in her eyes and with the brilliant sparkle still in her eyes, she hurried out of the door and down the stairs to the street.

Where she stopped the man roared: 'More! Soften! Hear! Goods of All Kinds!' She flung up Della's hat and collected herself, passing Malins' long, too white, chilly, muddy, and the 'Softie'.

'Well, ever buy me good!' said Malins.

'I buy her,' said Malins. 'Give her hat off and let's have a sight at the looks of it.'

He repeated the man's words.

'Two dollars,' said Malins. 'Give the man the money with a practised hand.'

'Give it to me quick,' said Della.

She put the rest two dollars in her pocket and ran down the street to the jewelry store. She looked at the watch for Jim's present.

She found it at last. It was a gold watch with a gold face and a gold case. There was no other like it in any of the stores, and she had turned all of them round. It was a platinum fob chain, simple and elegant in design, properly proclaiming its value by its extreme simplicity and not by meretricious ornamentation as all gold chains should do. It was even worthy of The Watch. As soon as she saw it she knew that it must be Jim's. It was like the one Quilnes and value the description applied to her. Twenty dollars they took from her for it and she hurried home with the 87 cents. With that cheer on her watch Jim might be properly anxious about the time in any company. Great as the watch was, he sometimes used it on the sly on

...and I know they had no end of a
chain.

When John reached home his indignation gave way a
little to pity and concern. She got out her curling iron
and curled the hair and went to work mending the ravages
made by poverty and hard work. What is always a
heavy task for a woman is even more so for a man.

When John looked in her hand was covered with tiny,
circular marks that made her look wonderfully like a
fingered woman. She looked at her reflection in the mirror
for a moment and then said:

"If I ever see my son," he said to herself, "before he
takes a second look at me, he'll say I look like a new
fingered woman. But what could I do, what could I do
to make my son see me as I am, as I am?"

At 7 o'clock the next day the fireman was
in the house and the woman had ready to cook the day.

John was never home. John looked the few days in her
hand and in the corner of the table near the door that he
could not see. Then he looked for a sign in the air, away
from the first floor, and he turned white for just a
moment. She had a habit of saying little silent prayers
about the house every day, and now she whispered:

"God make him think I am still pretty."

The next day John came home and found her. He
looked at her and saw the same. Poor fellow, he was only
three days old, he looked well, a family. He needed
no more to be well, a family.

John stepped into the door as usual, as a father
it the next day. He was very fixed upon John and
there was an expression in there that he could not rep-
resent it to his son. It was not anger, nor surprise, nor
disappointment, but a sense of the sad fact that she

had been prepared for. He sat up, stared at her fixedly with that peculiar expression on his face.

Tell me what you did at the table and went for lunch.

'Jan, during' she cried, 'don't leave it me that way. I had'—she put off her hat, it seems I couldn't have lived those' Christmas without giving you a present. It'll grow out'—you won't mind, will you? I just had to'—and'—My hair grows awfully fast'—'Merry Christmas!'—'You'—and'—she looked up. 'You don't know what a nice'—what a beautiful'—'you'—'it'—'I'—'just for you'—'

You've cut off your hair? asked the doctor, as if he had not noticed that point first or even after the hardest mental labour.

just as well as I can. I will write you later, if I

There is a lot of good stuff in this car, too.

almost of idiosyncrasy.

'You needn't fuss for it' said John. 'I'll tell you what I'd like to see. I'd like to see the bill for me, for it went for you. Make the two of them be numbered, so we can use them for reference. But nobody could ever count my loss for you. And I put the chops on, Jim?'

Out of his trance I awoke! I felt the pulse. He
enfolded his belly. For ten seconds he was roiled with
direct entry - he was equipped about in the direc-
tion. Eight dollars a week or a million a year - what
is the difference? A million at a time - what can you
do - you know. The man, he did not get it, but
that was not among them. The book question will be
discussed later on.

John drew a package from his coat, took it apart and threw it upon the table.

I don't know what to make of it. He said, 'about me I don't think there's much to be made of a haircut or a dress or a shoe or a pocket-handkerchief or anything else. But you mustn't compare yourself with me. The way you had me going a while at first.'

When I began to make lace out of the string and paper, A. J. took a sudden interest in me. Then, after a quick forerunning glance at my finished toes and nails, he concluded that I was competent at all the comforting powers of the lord of the fly.

I remember the first time I got out of my sick-bed and went down to the front porch to sit on my Porchway stool. I was sitting there for some time, with jawed lips, when I noticed that a girl whom I had noticed before in the schoolroom was standing in the doorway and her feet had been soiled by water. I was then, without the least hope of punishment. And now they were hers, but the traces of the punishment were still there. The soiled apron was gone.

He was laughing then at her misfortune and at length she was able to pick up with dignity and resume said that 'My hair grows so fast, Jim!'

And then Della leaped up like a little angel cut and cried, 'Oh, oh!'

Jim did not yet see in his beautiful present. She held it out to him with her open palm. The dull prosaic countenance, to that, with a reflection of her bright and ardent spirit.

I don't like to do, Jim? I hurried all over town to find a watch. I have to look at the time a hundred times a day now. Give me your watch. I want to see how it looks on it.'

Instead of crying, Jim troubled down on the couch and put his hands under the back of his head and smiled.

'Dell,' said he, 'let's put our Christmas presents away and keep 'em a while. They're too nice to use just at present. I sold the watch to get the money to buy your comb. And now suppose you put the comb on.'

The mugs, as you know, were wise men—wonderfully wise men—who brought gifts to the babe in the manger. They invented the art of giving Christmas presents. Long wise, their gifts were no doubt wise too, possibly bearing the privilege of exchange in case of duplication. And here I have humorously related to you the uneventful chronicle of two foolish children in a flat who most unwisely sacrificed for each other the greatest treasures of their house. But in a last word to the wise of these days let it be said that of all who give gifts these two were the wisest. Of all who give and receive gifts, *unlike* as they are wisest. Everywhere they are wisest. They are the mugs.

—William Sydney Porter

THE HOLY MAN (After TOLESTOY)

PAUL, the oldest son of Count Stremitoff, was only thirty-two when he was made a Bishop. He was the youngest dignity in the Greek Church, yet his diocese was among the largest. It extended for hundreds of miles along the shore of the Caspian. Even as a youth Paul had astonished people by his sincerity and gentleness, and the honours paid to him seemed to increase his lovable qualities.

Shortly after his induction he set out to visit his whole diocese in order to learn the needs of the people. On this pastoral tour he took with him two older priests in the hope

[illegible]

After we had come to the extreme point, in point of his
 journey, I took ship and began to seek his way north along
 the coast, in order to visit all the fishing villages.

From the cabin after a hard morning's work he was
 removed to the fore-cabin. The 10th ship was towed a long
 way from the shore, for the water was shallow and the breeze
 had died away in the heart of the bay.

Thomas laid down his tools over the road but suddenly the wind rose out angrily and the lamp caught sight of some roof, so that the rays fell on the ground a long way off.

What price is that? he asked the captain.

twelve. I think it would repaid the Captain after his sacrifice, a little rest between the mountain and the sea, a hundred square perches in all.

They are commonly called 'hands' in Russia as they are called 'hands' in England.)

One indeed who's reported the bishop shut away
from the world. I must yet have my share.

The priests shrugged their shoulders but said nothing they knew it was no use arguing or complaining. But this time the Captain came to cheer and

'It's twenty five versts away,' he said, 'and the sailors could not go. You, however, must make a dash for it, but beware of getting lost. The river is all the harder to wade.'

On Monday morning the Bishop, 'and the monks with him, for the first day of Lent, fasted, till they had got out the boat. I was a little nervous, he asked, in a low voice.

The two priests understood, the boat was put out, and at last at the house I reached the shore in a couple of hours.

Immediately, the boat which was stopped at once into the shallow water and carried the bishop and his back up the beach so that he should not get wet. The two priests got to land as best they could.

At the next house the bishop asked an old man, who was called Shura, where the church was.

'Church? reported the peasant, 'there isn't one.'

'Haven't you any pope, any priest here?' asked the Bishop.

'What's that?'

'Naturally reported the Bishop, 'you have some one here who visits the dying and prays with them, some one who attends to the sick women and children?'

'Oh, yes,' cried the old man, 'a lightening lightning bolt, 'we have a holy man.'

He then reported the Bishop, 'who is he?'

'Oh, a good man, a saint,' replied the old peasant, 'he does everything for my one in need.'

'Is he a Christian?'

'I don't think so,' the old man replied, shaking his head, 'I've never heard that name.'

'Do you pay him for his services?' asked the Bishop.

'No, no,' was the reply, 'he would not take anything.'

'How does he live?' the Bishop asked further.

'Like the rest of us he works in his little garden.'

'Show me where he lives - will you?' said the Bishop firmly, and it was the old man put down his axe and led the way among the scattered huts.

In a few moments they came to the cottage standing in a square of crocodons. It was just like the other cottages in the village, poor, stricken and weather-worn, wearing its patches with an air of conceit.

The old man opened the door.

'Come in, my lord, my lord,' he said, kneeling and doing to let the Bishop and his priests pass in.

The Bishop passed before him a broad thin man of about sixty dressed in the poorest, but like a fellow man. He wore a tunic of brown and a pair of human's feet. The old man's eyes, which appeared over the way's silver rim and beard, twinkled with the darkness of his eyes, his face was clear, but and steady.

'Come in, my lord, my lord,' he said, 'come in,' and he took down a stool with his sleeve for the Bishop and placed it for him with a low bow.

'Thank you,' said the Bishop taking the seat, 'I am somewhat tired and the rest will be grateful. But he seated, he asked, for the 'holy man' was standing before him bowed in an attitude of respectful attention. Without a word he drew up a stool and sat down.

'I was surprised,' the Bishop began, 'to find you have a church here and no priest - the peasant who showed us the way did not even know what "Christianity" meant.'

The holy man looked at him with his patient eyes, but said nothing, so the Bishop went on.

'You're a Christian - are you not?'

'I have not heard that name before,' said the holy man.

The Bishop lifted his eyebrows in surprise.

'Why then do you attend to the poor and a beggar in their need?' he asked. 'why do you help them?'

The bishop said a few words and then he
replied quietly :

' I was hoping to see you again and I did it

' but what I have not done is to ask you

about the most important question which

is religion ?

As you express Christian faith in the Bible, I

must have been told of the great things which

you have done for the poor and the sick and the

weak and the dying. He has told me that they

were the children of God, and that they were

the people of the future, and that they were

eagerly :

' Tell me about Him, please.'

The bishop said a few words and then he

came to the end the old man cried :

' What a beautiful story ! I have never heard of

such a story.'

I told him the story of the son of the man

ago, to send you a present, and he was a Dutch

man where you can worship God, and he will teach you the

whole story of the life and death of the divine Master.

' But what he said to you, and the old man said,

we shall be very glad to welcome him.

The bishop was touched by the evident sincerity of his

listener.

' Before I go to bed, and I shall have to go soon,

because it will take me some hours to get to the ship again,

I should like to say a few words to you about the Holy

disciples.'

I should like very much to read to the old man and

quietly.

' Let us know what you think,' said the bishop, and

of my own and repeat it to you for your own sake.

" Amen "

together in the name of the Master 'and saying thus, he kneel-
ed down, and the old man kneeling beside him
and clasped his hands as the Bishop pronounced and repeated
the sentences as they dropped from his lips as up.

Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy
name.'

When the old man had repeated the words, the Bishop
went on:

'Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, as in heaven,
so in earth.'

It is fervent withal, when the old man repeated the words.
It will be quite a contrast to the 'Our Father' which was really
touching.

The Bishop continued:

Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our
trespasses as we forgive our debtors.'

Give... give... repeated the old man, having
apparently forgotten the words.

Give us this day our daily bread, repeated the Bishop,
and forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors.

Give and forgive, said the old man at length.

'Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name,
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, as in heaven,
so in earth.'

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from
evil.'

When the old man repeated the words with an
astounding fervor. And lead us not into temptation, but
deliver us from evil.'

And the Bishop concluded:

'For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the
glory, for ever. Amen.'

The old man's voice was in a sort of a hoarse and
passionate whisper as he said 'For Thine is the kingdom,
and the power and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.'

The Bishop rose on his feet and his host followed his example, and when he held out his hand the old man clasped it in both his, saying :

'How can I ever thank you for teaching me the beautiful story of Christ, how can I ever thank you enough for teaching me His prayer?'

As one of an army he repeated the words : 'My kingdom come ! Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. . .'

Touched by this reverent heart, the Bishop treated him with great kindness. He put his hand on his shoulder and said :

As soon as I get home I will send you a priest, who will teach you more, much more than I have had time to teach you. I would indeed tell you all you want to know of our religion—the love by which we live, the hope in which we die. Before he came to port the old man had bent his head and kissed the Bishop's hand. The tears fell in his eyes as he did his reverence.

He accompanied the Bishop to the water's edge, and, seeing the Bishop hesitate on the bank waiting for the ferryman to carry him to the boat, the 'holy man' stooped and took the Bishop in his arms and strode with him through the water and put him gently on the cushioned seat in the scullery-boat as if he had been a little child, much to the surprise of the Bishop and of Lambert if, who said to himself :

This fellow is as strong as a young man.

For a long time after the boat had left the shore the old man stood on the beach waving his hands to the Bishop and his companions. But when they were well out to sea, on the second tack, he turned and went up to his cottage and disappeared from their sight.

A little later the Bishop, turning to his priests, said

The latter said to me perhaps a couple of times
 when he was away from his study, "I have to go
 and say :

"Come on, now, give me a chance, I want to see the thing
extended to the point where it is no longer possible to
make out what it is!"

$\forall t_1, t_2 \in \mathbb{N} \quad t_1 \leq t_2 \Rightarrow \text{if } t_1 \text{ is a } \text{node} \text{ then } t_2 \text{ is a } \text{node}$
 $\text{for } t_1 \in \mathbb{N} \quad \text{if } t_1 \text{ is a } \text{node} \text{ then } t_1 \text{ is a } \text{node}$

Yes, I don't mean to say that I'm not interested in the present—but come back, please, to the past, to the past!

When the firing ceased, the Captain was standing with his back to his men, looking over the vast expanse of water toward where the enemy might be. A flock of geese to the number of about a hundred or a hundred and a hundred yards or so away.

What is it, then, that is so important about the fact that all the things have moved toward a center, at the light.

What's more," repeated the Captain, "and, for he was greatly pleased to see a man with a good head, he has a lantern in his right hand, and he is waving it in the air."

But no one can work on the week-end, and the H&A agents. It would be a complete breakdown, in a total remonstrance.

Marion or not' retorted the Chinese, taking the glass from his eyes 'that's what I see' and the crowd he tore from, the boat coming towards us. 'Look, you!' and he pointed the glass to one of the sailors as he spoke.

They got still wet in swimming and if indeed it were
being used in the kind of manner the author has foundly
put the responsibility to his own shoulders.

'That's what it is' a man who came on the water
it's the "holy man" who carried your father away on board
the boat this afternoon.'



'God bless you, and the priests crossing themselves

Hell-borders—a moment or two—added the sailor, his coming rocky and indeed, almost at once the old man came to them from the water and stepped over the low bulwark on to the deck.

At this the priest went down on four knees, making a wondrous track, and the sailors, holding the Captain fast, felt the ropes pull down the ship standing awestruck and motionless at her track.

The 'hell-borders' came forward and, stretching out his hands, said:

'I'm afraid I've disturbed you, Excellency—but soon after you left me, I found I had forgotten part of that beautiful prayer and I could not bear to let you go away and leave me empty of it. You had taught me, and so I came to you, you to let my memory put once more' . . .

'I remember the first part of the prayer and the last words as if I had been learning it all my life and knew it in my soul, but the middle has escaped me' . . .

'I remember "Our Father, who art in Heaven Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven," and then all I can remember is, "Give and forgive" and the end, "And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom and the power and the beauty for ever and ever Amen" . . .

'But I've forgotten some words in the middle—won't you tell me the middle again?' . . .

'How did you come to us?' asked the Bishop in awed wonderment. 'How could you walk on the water?'

'Oh, that's easy,' replied the old man, 'any one can do that—whatever you love and trust in this world loves you in return. We love the water that makes everything pure and sweet for us, and is never tired of cleansing, and the water

loves us in return and can only wish to see but won't you teach me that beautiful prayer, the prayer Jesus taught His disciples?"

The Bishop bowed his head, but in a low voice, as if to himself, said:

"I don't think I can teach you anything about Jesus the Christ. You know a great deal about Him. I only wish—"

—Frank Harris

reputable materials. At the same time, when you are young in years, the whole world is, as it were, fluid, and is capable of turning itself into the shape that the master of the universe chooses to show it, or constrain it, to turn itself into. The world is then a plastic material, but it hardens gradually to the mass of the world that we know, and you cannot alter the shape of the world, though it is in the liquid, so to speak, period of its growth.

By degrees I must learn other things, and you clearly too, though by all your wisdom and in all your age about things that are still in the world, but not once in the lecture. May I add more concerning that? Keep I shall say for ever, and I shall say for ever, but you what you have read, and to know your name, and what is still unknown. I have read that, and the hypothesis of side of the barrier, and the hypothesis to be rejected, if a question at all, and be careful not to admit that it is known when you do not yet know it. Count a thing known only when it is a settled canon of your mind, and become transparent to you, so that you may survey it on all sides with intelligence. There is such a thing as a man endeavouring to persuade himself, and endeavouring to persuade others, that he knows things, when he does not know more than the outside skin of them, and yet he goes flourishing about with them. There is also a process called **examining**, in some Universities,—that is, getting up such points of things as the examiner is likely to put questions about. Avoid all that as eternal unworthy of an education, and be not troubled with little and trifling matters in your

a little of the present and of the studies of the best benefit and became a body-corporate, with high privileges, high rights and revenues, high aims, under the title of a University.

I suppose you may have heard that the course of instruction was changed all this and that 'the true University of our times is a collection of books.' And I would doubt, as this suggestion started by the invention of Printing, which took place about midway between us and the origin of the University. May I advise you now to go in person to where a Professor is, or in a speech, because in most cases you can get his doctrine out of him, through a book and then read it and read it over and over, and study it. I am now rather large that the fact of Printed books. And I am not sure that I know of any University in which the whole of our fact has yet been completely taken in and the studies moulded in complete conformity with it. Nevertheless, Universities have, and will continue to have, an indispensible value in society—I think, a very high, and if I might say, almost the highest value.

It remains, however, practically a most important truth, what I alluded to above, that the main use of Universities in the present age is that, after you have done with all your courses, the next thing is a collection of books, a great library of good books, which you proceed to study and to read. What the Universities can mainly do for you—what I have found the University did for me, is, That it taught me to read, in various languages, in various sciences—so that I could go into the books which treated of these things, and gradually

and appetites of the present. You must learn, however, to distinguish between false appetites and true. There is such a thing as a false appetite, which will lead a man into vagaries with regard to diet, will tempt him to eat peevish food, which he should not eat at all, and so on; but that the things are the same, and that he is under a temporary illusion of mind. A man ought to examine and find out what he really needs, and then has an appetite for, what again has been shown and confirmed, and that, doctors tell him, is not generally the very thing he ought to have. And so with books.

An appetite for knowledge, I will say that is a very expensive to go into. If you are to enquire into what has passed before you on his land, and in the family of Man.

The history of the Chinese and Greeks will first of all concern you, and you will find that the classical knowledge you have got you is extremely valuable to conclude that there you have two of the most remarkable specimens of man. The world would be for you, animated to open innumerable reflections and considerations—a mighty advantage, if you can believe it—to say nothing of what their two languages will teach you, which your Professors can better explain, model languages, which are universally admitted to be the most perfect forms of speech we have yet found to exist among men. And you will find, if you read well, a pair of extremely remarkable rulers, shining in the records left by themselves, as a kind of beacon, or solitary mass of luminosity, to light up some noble forms of human life for us, in the otherwise utter darkness of the past age, and it will be well worth our while to get into the

and starting of what the people were and what they did. You will find a great deal of — a say, of empty rumour and tradition which does not touch on the matter, but perhaps some of you will get to see the old Roman and the old Greek face to face, you will know in some measure how they contrived to exist and to perform their feats in the world.

I believe, also, you will find one important thing that I have not said. That there was a very great deal of deep religion in the Roman mind. This is pointed out by the wisest kind of historians and particularly by Ferguson, who is very well worth reading in Roman History,—and who, I believe, was an alumnus of our own University. His book is a very creditable work. He points out the profoundly religious nature of the Roman people notwithstanding their ruggedly primitive, defiant and fierce ways. They believed that Jupiter Optimus Maximus was lord of the universe and that he had appointed the Romans to become the chief of nations, provided they followed his command—to have no doubts, no doubts, and stand up with an invincible front, and be ready to do and die—and also to have the same sacred regard to truth of promise, to thorough veracity, thorough integrity, and all the virtues that accompany that noblest quality of man, valour—to which after the Roman gave the name of 'virtue' proper *virtus*, manhood, as the crown and summit of all that a man could be expected to do. In the later ages of Rome this religious feeling had very much decayed away, but it still retained its place among the lower classes of the Roman people. Of the deeply religious nature of the

Greeks, along with their beautiful and many effulgences of art, you have striking proof, if you look for it. In the tragedies of Sophocles there is a most deep-toned recognition of the eternal justice of Heaven, and the awful punishment of crime against the laws of God. I believe you will find in all histories of nations, that there has been at the origin and foundation of almost all great nations which did any thing great, this wonderful and very wise, and very true, and reasonable belief that there was a great unknown power, that all-wise and all-just God, superintending all men in it, and all interests in it — no nation ever came to very much, nor did any man, that ever forgot that. If a man did forget that, he forgot the most important part of his mission in this world.

One remark more about your reading. I do not know whether it has been sufficiently brought home to you that there are two kinds of books. When a man is reading on any kind of subject, in most departments of books, in all books, if you take it in a wide sense, he will find that there is a division into good books and bad books. Everywhere a good kind of book and a bad kind of book. I am not to assume that you are unacquainted with this distinction, with this plain fact. But I may remind you that it is becoming a very important consideration in our day. And we have to cast aside altogether the idea people have, that if they are reading any book, that if an ignorant man is reading any book, he is doing rather better than nothing at all. I must entirely call that in question. I even venture to deny that. It would be much safer and better for many a reader, that

be used to be cut ~~gently~~ under a ~~weight~~. And that I
 be ever ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~same~~ ~~state~~ ~~may~~ be ~~done~~ very easily, never more
 easily than now. I sometimes think. If that is a failure, all
 is failure!

Why tell me that a man is a fine speaker, if it is not
 the truth that he is speaking? Demosthenes, who ~~most~~ did
 not speak at all, was a great deal ~~more~~ ~~telling~~ the mark than
 Demosthenes.

Such considerations and ~~many~~ ~~more~~ ~~connected~~ with
 them, ~~innumerable~~ ~~consideration~~ ~~resulting~~ from obser-
 vation of the world at this epoch, have led various people
 to doubt of the salutary effect of vocal education altogether.
 I do not mean to say it should be entirely excluded, but
 I look ~~to~~ ~~something~~ that will take hold of the matter much
 more closely, and not allow it to slip out of our fingers, and
 be ~~more~~ ~~useless~~ ~~than~~ it was. But, if a good speaker, never so
 eloquent, has not seen to the fact, and is not speaking the
 truth, of that, but the untruth and the mistake of that, is
 there a more horrid kind of object in creation? On such
 speech I hear all manner of people say, "How excellent!"
 Well, really it is not the speech, but the thing spoken, that
 I am anxious about! I really care very little how the man said
 it, provided I understand him, and it be true. Excellent
 speaker? But what if he is telling me things that are
 contrary to the fact, what if he has formed a wrong judgment
 about the fact—if he has in his mind no power to form a
 right judgment in regard to the matter? An excellent
 speaker of that kind is, as it were, saying, "Heaven forbid
 that I should be persuaded of any thing that is not true!"

here is the man for you.' I recommend you to be very chary of that kind of excellent speech.

Man is born to expend every particle of strength that God Almighty has given him, in doing the work he finds he is fit for, to stand up to it to the last breath of life, and do his best. We are called upon to do that, and the reward we will get -- which we are perfectly sure of, if we have minded it -- that we have got the work done, or at least that we have tried to do the work. For that is a great blessing in itself, and I should say, there is not very much more reward than that going in this world. If the man gets home in clothes, what matters it whether he buy his necessities with seven thousand a year, or with seven million a year? It is the same, or with seventy pounds a year? He can get meat and clothes for that, and he will find, usually, if he is a wise man, wonderfully little real difference.

On the whole, avoid what is called ambition. It is not a thing people to go upon, and it is not at all consistent with vulgarity, if that is a consideration. 'Seekest thou great things, seek them not.' I warmly second that advice of the wisest of men. Don't be ambitious, don't go on for success. Be loyal and modest. Cut down the proud towering thoughts that get into you, or see that they be pure as well as high. There is a nobler ambition than the getting of all California would be, or the getting of all the sailings that are on the Planet just now.

Prayer. God bless him. I have one advice to give you, which is precisely of very great importance, though I have

laible are. In the midst of your zeal and ardour,—for such a time will rise high enough, in spite of all the counsels to moderate it that I can give you—remember the care of health. I have no doubt you have among you young men who do not seem to consider the ~~temp~~, for the purpose of getting forward in what they are aiming at of high, but you are to consider throughout, much more than is done at present, and what it would have been a very great thing to have done, that you are to consider. But let us not dwell on that. Let us rather be attached to continually that you are to regard that as the very highest of all temporal things for you. There is no kind of achievement, no kind of success, no kind of wealth that is equal to perfect health. What sort of are nuggets and millions? The French financier said, 'Why is there no sleep to be sold?' Sleep was not in the market at any quotation.

On the whole, I would that you stand up to your work, whatever it may be, and not be afraid of it, not in sorrows, not in troubles, not in difficulties, not in dangers. And don't suppose that people are hostile to you or have you at will, in the world. In general, you will rarely find anybody desigredly doing you ill. You may feel often as if the whole world were obstructing you, setting itself against you, but you will find that to mean only that the world is travelling in a different way from you, and, rushing on in its own path, heedlessly treads on you. That is mostly all that you see to do with—only each has an extremely different notion of what he has a right to have, and is rushing on towards his heart. If you find many people who are hard and indifferent to you in a world which you consider

to be indigestible and crude—as often indeed happens to a tender-hearted student of any century—you will also find there are some people who will so kindly give you their help when they are asked to do so, that you will get good and good things out of it, and have the success that has been appointed you.

—*Thomas Carlyle*

CIVILISATION

Whatever society compares herself with literature, will soon perceive its vital connection with other agencies. Suppose a man to be ever so much convinced that literature is, as undeniably it is, a powerful agency for bettering the world and for elevating the human mind, and yet that there are many obstacles preventing what is salutary in literature from being extended all round, and from producing the effect intended, literature can of itself do nothing; it works to remove those obstacles, and it works in making straight its own way. But it cannot do all. In other words, literature is a part of civilisation, it is not the whole. What then is civilisation, which some people seem to conceive of as if it meant railroads and the penny post, and little more, but which is really so complex and vast a matter that a great

spiritual power, the literature, is a part of it, and a part of it? Civilisation is the humanisation of man in society. Man is civilised, when the whole body of society comes to live with a life worthy to be called human, and corresponding to man's true potentials and powers.

The means by which man is brought towards the goal of his endeavour are various. It is of great importance to us to attain an adequate notion of them, and to keep it present before our mind. I have already observed one particular in the social evolution, the power of habit and of instinctive expression.

First and foremost of the necessary means towards man's civilisation we must never forget the need of expansion. The need of expansion is inherent in man as the need of plants for the light, or the need in man himself for going upwards. And the convenience of life by which man has enlarged and secured his existence—railroads and the penny post among the number—are due to the working in man of this force or instinct of expansion. But the manifestation of it which we English know best, and prize most, is the love of liberty.

The love of liberty is simply the instinct in man for expansion. Not only to find oneself tyrannised over and outraged is a defeat to this instinct, but in general, to feel oneself over-tutored, over-governed, set upon—as the popular phrase is) by authority, is a defeat to it. Prince Bismarck says: 'After all, a benevolent rational absolutism is the best form of government.' Plenty of arguments may be adduced in support of such a thesis. The one fatal objection to it is that it is against nature, that it contradicts a vital

instinct, in that the instinct of expansion. And man is not to be civilized or humanized, called a which you will, by thwarting his vital instincts. In fact, the hereditary rationalist system always breaks down. It is found that the ruler cannot in the long run be trusted. It is found that the ruled deteriorates. Why? Because the proceeding is against nature.

The other great manifestation of the instinct of expansion is the love of equality. Of the love of equality we English have little but undoubtedly it is no more a false tendency than the love of liberty. Undoubtedly, immense inequality of conditions and property is a defeat to the instinct of expansion. It depresses and degrades the inferior masses. The common people's standard must be as the queen's standard, unexceeded in most free countries than in a monarchy. A thousand arguments may be discovered in favour of equality just as a thousand arguments may be discovered in favour of absolutism. And the one insuperable objection to inequality is the same as the one insuperable objection to absolutism, namely, that inequality, like absolutism, thwarts a vital instinct and being thus against nature, is against our human nature. On the one side, it fails to popularize learning by pauperizing; on the other, by concentrating and dehumanizing. A system founded on it is against nature and in the long run breaks down.

I put first among the elements in human civilization the instinct of expansion because it is the basis which man's whole effort to civilise himself presupposes. General civilization presupposes this instinct, which is inseparable from human nature presupposes its being satisfied, not defeated.

The basis being given, we may rapidly enumerate the powers which, upon this basis, contribute to build up human civilisation. They are the power of conduct, the power of intellect and knowledge, the power of beauty, the power of social life and manners. Expansion, conduct, science, beauty, manners,—these are the conditions of civilisation, the elements which man must satisfy before he can be humanised.

That the aim for all of us is to make civilisation pervasive and general; that the requisites for civilisation are substantially what have been here enumerated; that they all of them hang together, that they must all have their development, that the development of one does not compensate for the failure of others; that one nation suffers by failing in this requisite, and another by failing in that—such is the line of thought which the essays in the present volume* follow and represent. They represent it in the variety of subject, their so frequent insistence on defects in the present actual life of our nation, their unity of field and aim. Undoubtedly that aim is not given by the life which we now see around us. Undoubtedly, it is given by 'a sentiment of the ideal life.' But then the ideal life is, in sober and practical truth, 'none other than man's normal life—as we shall one day know it.'

—Matthew Arnold

* *Mixed Essays*. The extract is from the Preface to the book.

THE DYING SUN

A few stars are known which are hardly bigger than the earth, but the majority are so large that hundreds of thousands of earths could be packed inside each, and leave room to spare. Here and there we come upon a giant star large enough to contain millions of millions of earths. And the true number of stars in the universe is probably so large as to make the true number of grains of sand on all the seashores of the world. Such is the littleness of our home in space when measured up against the total substance of the universe.

The vast multitude of stars are wandering about in space. A few form groups which journey in company, but the majority are solitary travellers. And they travel through a universe so spacious that it is an event of almost unimaginable rarity for a star to come anywhere near to another star. For the most part each voyages in splendid isolation like a ship on an empty ocean. In a scale model in which the stars are ships, the average ship would be well over a million miles from its nearest neighbour, whence it is easy to understand why a ship seldom finds another within hailing distance.

We believe, nevertheless, that some two thousand million years ago this rare event took place, and that a second star, wandering blindly through space, happened to come within hailing distance of the sun. Just as the sun and moon raise tides on the earth, so this second star must have raised tides on the surface of the sun. But they would be

very different from the puny tides which the same mass of the moon raises in our oceans. A huge tidal wave must have traveled over the surface of the sun, ultimately forming a mountain of prodigious height, which would rise ever higher and higher as the cause of the disturbance came nearer and nearer. And, before the second star began to reach, its tidal pull had become so powerful that this mountain was torn to pieces and threw off small fragments of itself, much as the crest of a wave throws off spray. These small fragments have been circulating around their parent sun ever since. They are the planets, great and small. — and our earth is one.

The sun and the other stars we see in the sky are all intensely hot, far too hot for life to be able to obtain or retain a footing on them. So also no doubt were the ejected fragments of the sun when they were first thrown off. Gradually they cool, until now they have but little intrinsic heat left, their warmth being derived almost entirely from the radiation which the sun pours down upon them. In course of time, we know not how, when, or why, one of these cooling fragments gave birth to life. It started in simple organisms whose vital capacities consisted of little beyond reproduction and death. But from these humble beginnings emerged a stream of life which, advancing through ever greater and greater complexity, has culminated in beings whose lives are largely centred in their emotions and ambitions, their aesthetic appreciations, and the religions in which their highest hopes and noblest aspirations be enshrined.



Although we cannot speak with any certainty, it seems most likely that humanity came into existence in some such way as this. Standing on our microscopic fragment of a planet, we are not permitted to see the vastness of the universe which surrounds us here in space and time. Our first impression is something akin to terror. We find the universe terrifying because of its vast, boundless distances, terrifying because of its inconceivably long vistas of time, terrifying because of the everlasting and ever-changing beauty of an extremely loveliness, and because of the material insignificance of our lot in space—a minute part of a grain of sand out of all the seaweed of the world. But even so, we find the universe terrifying because it appears to be indifferent to life. Like our own condition, ambition, and achievement, our and others', all seem equally forgotten to its plan. Perhaps indeed we ought to be disappointed to be concerned with the fate of our race. For the most part, empty space is so cold that all life that would be frozen; most of the matter in space is in the form of gas, and the gas is so sparse that it is traversed and astronomical bodies continually bombarded by radiation of a variety of kinds, much of which is probably unusual to or even destructive of, life.

Let us find a universe we have sketched, if not exactly by mistake, at least as the result of what may properly be described as an accident. The use of such a word need not make any surprise that our earth exists for accidents will happen, and if the universe goes on for long enough, every conceivable accident is bound to happen at least once. It was,

I think, Huxley who said that six monkeys set to strum unintelligently on typewriters for millions of millions of years, would be bound in time to write all the books in the British Museum. If we examined the last page which a particular monkey had typed, and found that it had chanced, in its blind strumming, to type a Shakespeare sonnet, we should rightly regard this occurrence as a remarkable accident, but if we looked through all the millions of pages the monkeys had turned out in a hundred millions of years, we might be sure of finding a Shakespeare sonnet somewhere amongst them, the product of the blind play of chance. In the same way, millions of millions of stars wandering blindly through space for millions of millions of years, would produce, in the very kind of accident, a heated meteorite, or a red dwarf with the usual amount of luminosity, or a planet like our own, or a long. Your calculation shows that the number of these can at most be very small in comparison with the total number of stars in the sky; planetary systems must be exceedingly rare objects in space.

There is one more point to be considered, namely, how far we can see, etc. of course, and we know in our ordinary only our rate in planets like the earth. It needs rather special physical conditions for its appearance, the most important of which is a temperature at which substances can exist in the liquid state.

The stars themselves are disqualified by being far too hot. We may look of them as a vast collection of fires scattered throughout space, providing warmth in a corner which is at most some few degrees above absolute zero.



about 250 degrees of frost on our Fahrenheit scale—and is even lower in the vast stretches of space which lie out beyond the Milky Way. Away from the stars there is thus an immense cold—hundreds of degrees of frost—down to such a temperature as to freeze the whole of the gas that we know exists in the universe.

Even in the extremely narrow water or ice zone which surrounds each of these fires at a very definite distance outside the zone a life would be frozen—solid—it would be stranded up. At a rough computation, these zones where life is possible, all added together—gas, stars, etc.—take a thousand million millionth part of the whole of the gas. And even inside them, life must be of very rare occurrence, for it is so unusual an accident for stars to throw off planets as our own sun has done, that probably only about one star in 100,000 has a planet revolving round it in the ideal zone in which life is possible.

Just for this reason it seems incredible that the universe should have been designed primarily to produce life like our own, had it been so, surely we might have expected to find a better proportion between the magnitude of the mechanism and the amount of the product. At first glance at least, life seems to be an utterly unimportant by-product—we living things are somehow off the main line.

We do not know whether suitable physical conditions are sufficient in themselves to produce life. One school of thought holds that as the earth gradually cooled, it was natural, and indeed almost inevitable, that life should come. Another holds that after one accident had brought the

earth into being, a second was necessary to produce life. The material constituents of a living body are perfectly ordinary chemical atoms—carbon, such as we find in coal or lamp black; hydrogen and oxygen, such as we find in water; nitrogen, such as forms the greater part of the atmosphere; and so on. Every kind of ~~atom~~ necessary for life must have existed in the new-born earth. At intervals a group of atoms might happen to arrange themselves in the way in which they are arranged in the living cell. I think, however, that it is not so easy to start to do so, just as certain as the six monkeys would be certain given sufficient time to type off a Shakespeare sonnet, but would they then be *creating* it? Is our world a living cell merely—a group of ordinary atoms arranged in some non-ordinary way, or is it something more? Is it merely atoms, or is it atoms *plus* life? Or, to put it in another way, could a sufficiently skilled chemist create life out of the necessary atoms, as a boy can create a machine out of "Meccano," and then make it go? We do not know the answer. When it comes it will give us some indication whether other worlds in space are inhabited life sources, and so must have the greatest influence on our interpretation of the meaning of life—it may well produce a greater revolution of thought than Goldie's astronomy or Darwin's biology.

We do, however, know that while living matter consists of quite ordinary atoms, it consists in the main of atoms which have a special capacity for coagulating into extraordinary large bunches or "molecules."

Most atoms do not possess this property. The atoms of a certain element, for instance, may combine to form molecules of hydrogen, H_2 , or of oxygen or ozone, O_2 or O_3 , or of water, H_2O , or of hydrogen peroxide, H_2O_2 , but none of these compounds contains more than two atoms. The addition of nitrogen does not greatly change the situation; the compounds of hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen all contain comparatively few atoms, but the further addition of carbon completely transfers the picture: the atoms of hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen and carbon combine to form molecules containing hundreds, thousands and even tens of thousands of atoms. It is of such molecules that living bodies are mainly formed. Until about 1828, it was commonly supposed that some "vital force" was necessary to produce these and the other compounds which entered into the composition of the living body. Then Wöhler produced urea, $CO(NH_2)_2$, which is a characteristic product, in his laboratory by the ordinary processes of chemical synthesis, and the "vital force" of the living body faded in the course of time. Today the phenomena of life are no longer what they were at one time attributed to "vital force" — being traced to the action of the ordinary processes of physics and chemistry. Although the problem is still far from solution, it is becoming increasingly likely that what primarily distinguishes the matter of living bodies is the presence not of a "vital force," but of the quite common pure element carbon, always in conjunction with other atoms with which it forms exceptionally large molecules.

If this is so, and even if the converse is the case, the carbon atom possesses certain exceptional properties. Perhaps carbon is rather noteworthy chemically as forming a sort of transition between the metals and the non-metals, but so far as hanging on the physical properties of the carbon atom is known to account for its very special capacity for holding its atoms together. The carbon atom consists of six electrons revolving around the appropriate central nucleus, like six planets revolving around a central sun. It appears to differ from its two nearest neighbours in the table of chemical elements, the atoms of boron and nitrogen, only in having one electron more than the former and one electron fewer than the latter. Yet this slight difference must account in the last resort for all the difference between life and death of life. No doubt the reason why the six electron atom possesses these remarkable properties resides somewhere in the ultimate laws of nature, but mathematical physics has not yet fathomed it.

So much for the surprising manner in which, so far as science can at present inform us, we come into being. And our bewilderment is only increased when we attempt to pass from our origins to an understanding of the purpose of our existence or to foresee the destiny which may be in store for our race.

Life of the kind we know can only exist under suitable conditions of light and heat. We only exist ourselves because the earth receives exactly the right amount of radiation from the sun. upset the balance in either direction of excess or defect, and life must disappear from the earth.



And the essence of the situation is that the balance is very easily upset.

Primitive man living in the temperate zone of the earth must have watched the ice-age descending on his home with increasing gloom, until the glaciers came faster and nearer the valleys, each winter the sun seemed less able to provide the warmth needed for life. To him as to us, the universe must have seemed hostile to life.

We of the warmer days, living in the narrow temperate zone surrounding our sun and peering into the far future, see it as if it were a different kind of threat, as Faust's Fatale is standing in a lake so deep that he has just escaped drowning, was yet destined to be of that sea, or as he himself is, a man destined to die of thirst while the greater part of the substance of the universe still remains too hot for life to obtain a footing. The sun, having no extraneous supply of heat, must necessarily emit ever less and less of its life-giving radiation, as it does so, the temperate zone of space within which alone life can exist, must close in around it. To reach a possible state of life, our earth would need to move ever nearer and nearer to the dying sun. Yet science tells us that, so far from us moving towards our little dying sun, laws are even now driving it ever farther away from the sun into the outer cold and darkness. And so far as we can see, they must continue to do so until life is frozen on the earth, unless indeed some celestial collision or other event intervenes to destroy life even earlier by a more speedy death. This prospective fate is not peculiar

to ~~the~~ other suns must be like our own, and any life there may be on other planets must meet the same inglorious end.

Physics tells the same story as astronomy. Let, independently of all astronomical considerations, the general physical principle known as the second law of thermodynamics predicts that there can be but one end to the universe—a "heat death" in which the total energy of the universe is uniformly distributed, and all the substance of the universe is at the same temperature. This temperature will be such as to make life impossible. In matters little by what particular road this final state is reached, all roads lead to Rome, and the end of the journey cannot be other than universal death.

Is this, then, in that life amounts to a stumble, nearly by mistake, into a universe which was never not designed for life, and which, to all appearances, is either totally indifferent or definitely hostile to it, to stay clinging on to a fragment of a grain of sand until we are frozen off, to strut our tiny hour on our tiny stage with the knowledge that our aspirations are all doomed to final frustration, and that our achievements must perish with our race, leaving the universe as though we had never been?

—Sir James Jeans

THE GREAT CIVILIZATIONS TEACHERS

The greatest civilizations of whom I shall write are those of India and China, which have been the two greatest of all. I shall then add Greece and the West. Two things must we always remember about them, so that in reading this book we may not be misled by a superficially correcter than their religions. The Indians and the Chinese were not very different from the people of the West. They had both as he who they had new ideas about what I have called the business of being good, and tried to put them into practice.

Early Religious Ideas.—In order to show the progress advanced made by these civilizations, I must first say something about the religious ideas which prevailed before they began. Early religious ideas might be described as a mixture of fear and euphoric love. Primitive man found himself at the mercy of all kinds of natural forces which he did not understand and could not control: thunder and lightning and earthquakes and floods. He could not imagine these things happening without something to make them happen, and he looked to his ideas something more than merely. There must be, he thought, some kind of person behind these thunderstorms and earthquakes, and in this notion of a somebody who caused dreadful things to happen we have the beginning of the idea of god. But primitive man did not think of one god who was responsible for everything that took place, but of a number of gods, each of them ruling over

a particular part of the world. For instance in Egypt, where there was already the kind of civilized life and the various forms of art and science, there was a great multiplicity of gods, a great number of them, a god for the sun, a god for the moon, a god even of learning. Many of these gods were female, there was a cow goddess, a lion goddess, a cat goddess and so on. The gods lived and loved and struggled and had favorites just as human beings, and possessed everything that happened in the world was thought to be due to them. And people had to be very careful to keep them in a good temper, for the gods were liable to get angry and sick, with terrible results for human beings. As through the early history of man runs the idea that it is only by praying to the gods and flattering them that man can survive the many perils of his life. For example, the Egyptians believed that the morning wind only came if Ptah, the sun-god, was fetched up from the underworld every twenty-four hours by the prayers of the high priest, who had to kneel and himself beg his to appear.

The Power of Priests.—Priests of the sort gave very great power to the priests. The priests were the "go-between" between men and gods, they alone knew the will of the gods, and they told men what it was. Thus the priests managed to get the people to do whatever they wanted them to do by simply saying that it was the will of the gods, and must therefore be done, or some terrible disaster would befall. By this means the priests became very powerful.

This power of the priests which was founded on fear of the gods, led to many cruel practices, among them human

sun here. For the priests were apt to say that unless living victims were sacrificed to them, the gods, the gods would show their displeasure by causing the time to be defected in some way, by spoiling the crops, or in some other unpleasant way. For the time sake of Egypt then, the prosperity of the country depended very much on the river Nile. The Egyptian soil is very dry and would bear no crops unless it were watered by the Nile. Every year the Nile overflows its banks and floods the country for many a hundred miles and as a result of this fertility the land is fertilized and bears crops. Now the Egyptian view of course had no sacred god, or rather gods, and the priests said that in order to get proper sacrifices and offerings made to the goddess of the Nile, the river would refuse to overflow with herds and people would starve. These sacrifices were usually animals, but not so far as that sometimes they were human beings. Most probably people have had beliefs of this sort. The Aztecs who lived in Mexico believed that men were created to be the food of the sun and were required to fight and say one another that it should not want for nourishment. Hence they believed that unless they offered the sun human blood from time to time, its light would grow dim.

Characteristics of the gods. Not only were the ideas and practices of early peoples crude, but they did they have great power to the gods. But they want that people had a very low idea of religion. Early religions as I said at we are a mixture of fear and cowardly love. You are afraid of the evil things the gods will do to you unless you keep them in a good temper and you have hopes of the good things

they would bring you like them, or pretend to like them well, or not. In other words, you worship them for want you think you can get out of them. And so you flatter them and pray to them and tell them how powerful and how good they are, and bribe them with sacrifices and by making presents to the priests for the temple. The worse tempered the gods were, the more presents you had to make. And it is not to be wondered at that the priests, who benefited by the presents, made out that the gods were very bad tempered indeed.

One God instead of Many—The chief merit of the civilizations about which I am first going to write is that they rose above these very primitive ideas about the gods. In the Old Testament of the Bible, which was written by the Jews, and the Indian sacred writings called the *Upanishads*, we find it being taught that there was only one God. The substitution of one God for many was undoubtedly a great advance, for one thing it put an end, although only by degrees, to the practice of human sacrifice. But it must be admitted that the Jehovah of the Old Testament is not a very agreeable person. He is a terribly jealous God who would not admit any rivals, and he is always getting cross, so that although the belief in him may have caused the Jews to act righteously, they did so chiefly in order to avoid his angry wrath. Fear in fact was still the mainspring of religion.

But in the sixth century before Christ there arose in India and China three great teachers who tried to make men understand that it was important to do what was right for its own sake, quite apart from whether there was a God or not.

Indra—of these the most important was *Chandana*. *Indra* was a rich young Indian, born of a noble family. At the age of nineteen he married a beautiful girl, and when he was twenty received the crown of a king. In the course of his reign he and of his wife *Indra* had a son called *Radha*. *Indra* had a great number of wives, and he had a great number of children. His wife was *Indra*, and the rest of his wives were his concubines. He wanted to find out the meaning of the word *Indra*, and with this end he, and for a long time.

There have been ascetics in all times and in all countries, but they have always been particularly numerous in India. They are people who believe that power and happiness may be achieved by making one's body uncomfortable, as for example by not eating or sleeping, and by fasting oneself. But after a time *Radha* turned from these deeds. Having come to see that the way to discover truth is not to have a weak or diseased body, he turned first to gymnastics by demanding food. Accordingly they next found out is a failure, and for a time he wandered quite alone. We know nothing of his wanderings, but presently we find him sitting under an enormous fig tree, called the *Fig tree*. Here he had a kind of vision. And his vision resulted in the first great teaching about good and right which was given to mankind.

Radha taught that all man's unhappiness comes from wanting the wrong sort of things, the pleasures that money can buy, power over other men, and most important of all, long in living forever after he is dead. The desire for these

the goddesses could see that he had seen that they were the only of their kind to wait for him, only for them. They did not to him because when they saw that he was poor. And since they did not get all their wishes, they are restless and discontented. The girl was to avoid this restlessness by getting rid of the desires that cause it. She never did this, but when a man achieves it, he reaches a state of mind or soul which is called *Nirvana*, which is a state of perfect quietude. In Sanskrit, *Nirvana* is composed of the prefix *nir* live a number of different lives, and that what happens is that a man, for example, the way in which he has behaved in their former lives. For instance, if you have been very wicked in a previous life, you get born a slave or even one of the lower animals in a sort of punishment. And you go on your life after life until you reach the state of having got rid of your desires and entering *Nirvana*. This doctrine, however, seems to have been the teaching of Buddha himself.

In-Tse and Confucius—About the same time as Buddha, two great religious teachers arose in China. Lao Tse's teaching about 600 B.C. was very like that of Buddha. Confucius (551-479 B.C.) paid more attention to men's relations to their fellow-men. His view was that a man must get rid of his passions and his selfishness, since it was natural for him to live or associate together with other men. And since the secret which he knew, the secret of his life, was as full of strife and suffering as most secrets have been, he taught that the way for a man to become good was by helping to make society better. It

is impossible," he said, "to withdraw from the world, and associate with birds and beasts that have nothing in common with me. With whom, then, should I associate but with suffering men? The disorder that prevails is what requires my efforts." And so he laid down a code of rules for conduct in daily life. These rules are very detailed; they lay down what one should eat, what wear, what visits one should pay, how conduct oneself in public, and so on, and they have governed the behaviour of the Chinese ever since.

The teachings of Buddha, Lao-Tse and Confucius are known by the Chinese as the Three Teachings. The Chinese and the Indians are very numerous, and although very few Indians remain Buddhists to-day, these three teachings, which are in many important respects the same teaching, have determined what most living human beings have thought and believed with regard to matters of good and evil and right and wrong. And not only most human beings but most civilized human beings. For, although the history of China has been very stormy and the state of China to-day is unsettled and confused, the Chinese have been civilized for a longer period and more continuously than any other people. In spite of the troubled times through which China has passed, and the many different peoples who have invaded it, Chinese civilization has never died out, and it is quite possible that, as it came before any of the other civilizations, so it may last longer than any.

Importance of Asoka.—That Buddhism became so important in the world is largely due to a great king who ruled in India in the third century B.C. He is the only king I

shall mention in this book, and his name is Asoka (264-227 B.C.). Like most famous kings in history, Asoka was a conqueror. His father, Chandragupta, had transformed India from a number of little warring states into a more or less unified country, and Asoka pushed his father's conquests right down to the southern end of India. Unlike the other great conquerors in history, however, he seems to have realized the suffering that war involved. He was a devout Buddhist and wanted to make other people Buddhists too. But it could not, he thought, be right to spread what you believed by violent means; and so he gave up war, while still victorious, and decided to devote himself to spreading Buddhism not by fighting but by preaching. He kept his empire at peace and ruled wisely. In particular, he did much to make India more prosperous by digging wells, planting trees, founding hospitals, and educating his people. He even tried to educate women, which was an unheard-of thing in those days. And he sent out missionaries all over Asia and into Europe to spread the teachings of Buddha.

While doing these things he met with the opposition of the priests. For Buddhism, unlike most other religions, does not require priests and clergymen to teach men how to be good, to pray to the gods on their behalf, and to persuade the gods to favour them. It teaches that men can become good by themselves without the aid of priests, and ought to try to do so apart altogether from the question of pleasing the gods.

What the Great Religions Teach.—But although these new religions were addressed to individual men and women, they all of them tried to show that happiness lay in somehow

forgetting that you were an individual man or woman, and in losing yourself in something greater than yourself. In this they were saying precisely what Jesus Christ was to say nearly 600 years later. Most people in the western world think Jesus was the greatest of the religious teachers, and regard the religion of Christianity which he founded as the most important of all the religions. Christianity to-day is the chief religion of western Europe and America. It is, however, important to remember that what Europeans and Americans think about Christ is not what the majority of men have thought about him or think even now. But, although men differ about who Christ was, most people believe that he was a very great teacher indeed, and that what he taught about the way in which men ought to live is both noble and true.

We cannot doubt that if men lived the kind of life which these four great religious teachers urged them to live, the world would be much better and happier, and at the same time a more civilized place than it is or ever has been. Unfortunately their teachings, especially that of Jesus (who said that we should be kind even to our enemies), have usually been found to be too difficult for people to follow, though that is no reason why they shouldn't *try* to follow them.

All the great religious teachers of mankind have insisted on this: that men ought not to live for themselves alone. We ought not, they have said, to spend all our time and energy in getting just what we want for ourselves, power and money and importance in the world: we ought to serve something greater than ourselves, whether a god or a cause

or our fellow-men. It is by serving this something *greater* that men will *forget* themselves and so achieve happiness. This or something like it is what the great religions have taught, and it is one of the most important of the things that civilization means. It is also the hardest to learn and practise: in fact most people have found it much too hard.

—J. E. M. Joad

23-2-61